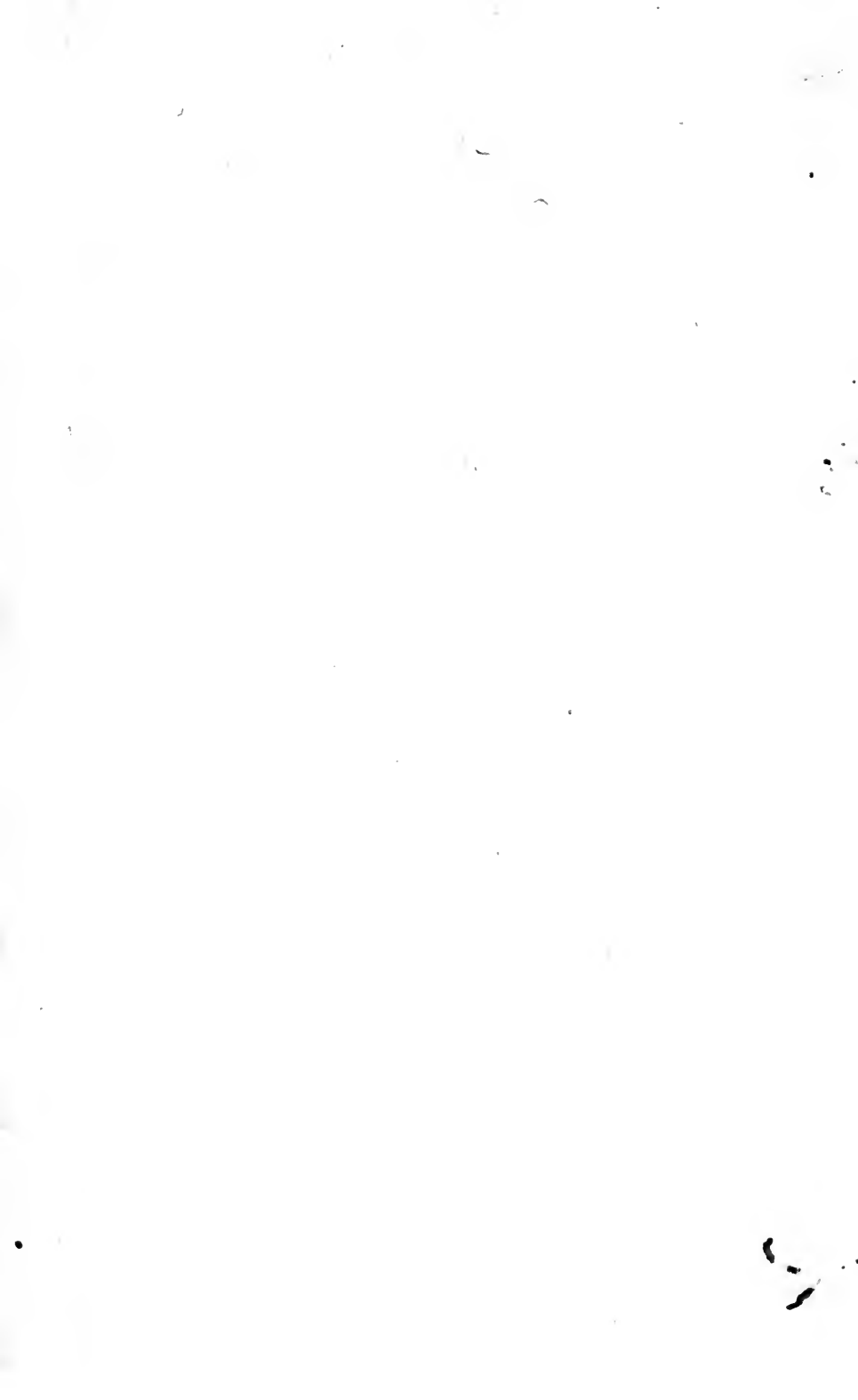


A SOLDIER'S SHIKAR TRIPS

By H.G. MAINWARING



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A SOLDIER'S SHIKAR TRIPS





THE AUTHOR

A SOLDIER'S SHIKAR TRIPS

BY

BRIGADIER-GENERAL

H. G. MAINWARING

F.R.G.S.

*Late South Wales Borderers
(24th Regiment)*

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOMALILAND

BY

MAJOR BONHAM CHRISTIE



LONDON

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TO
MY DEAR WIFE



PREFACE

IT is with the greatest diffidence that I venture to record the following accounts of some of my shooting expeditions in hopes that they may be of interest to old friends and fellow-sportsmen.

Also that they may afford some useful hints to young novices in big-game shooting.

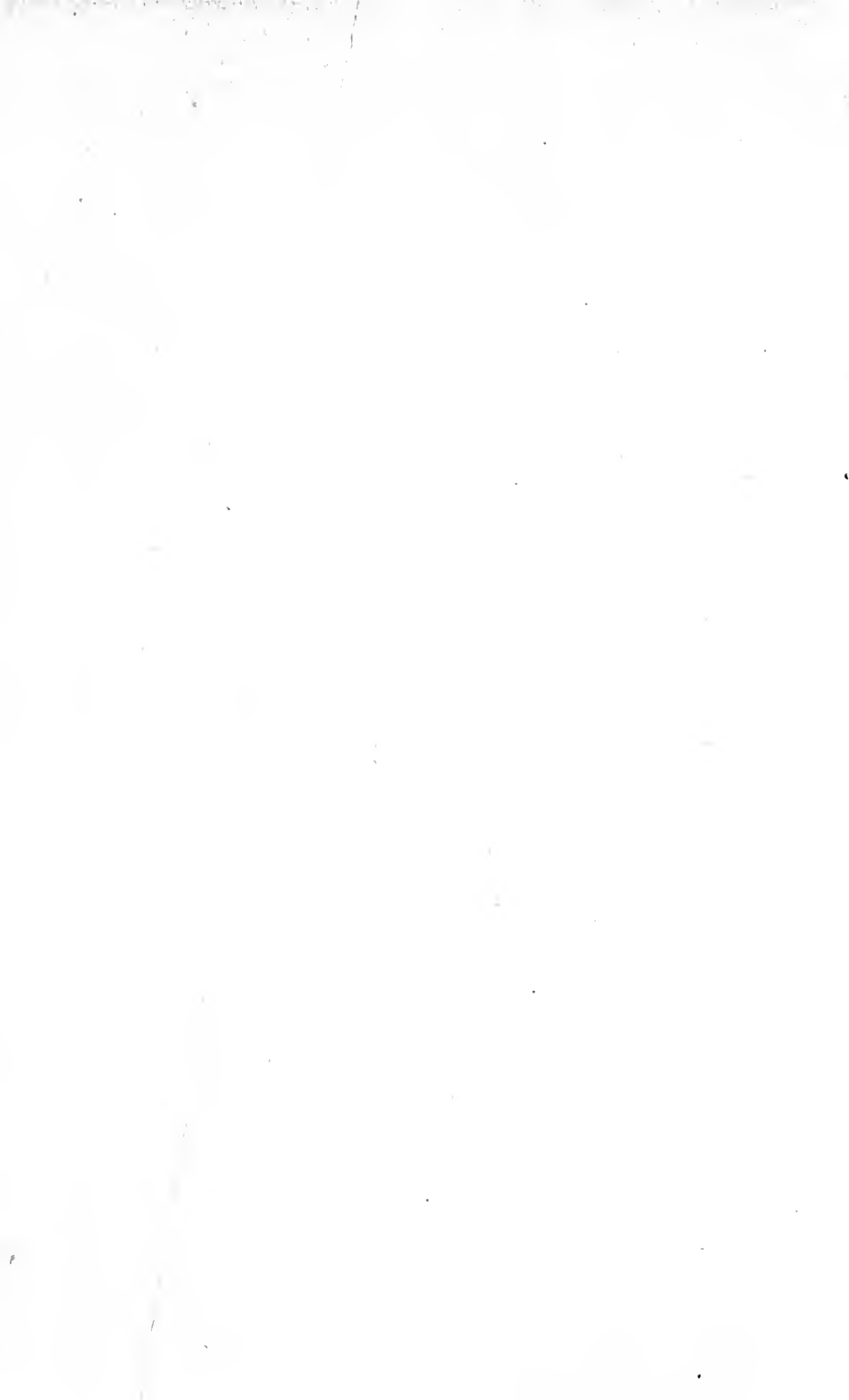
To these I tender my best wishes for success and trust that they will have as good a time as I have enjoyed during my thirty years' service.

H. G. MAINWARING,

Brig.-General.

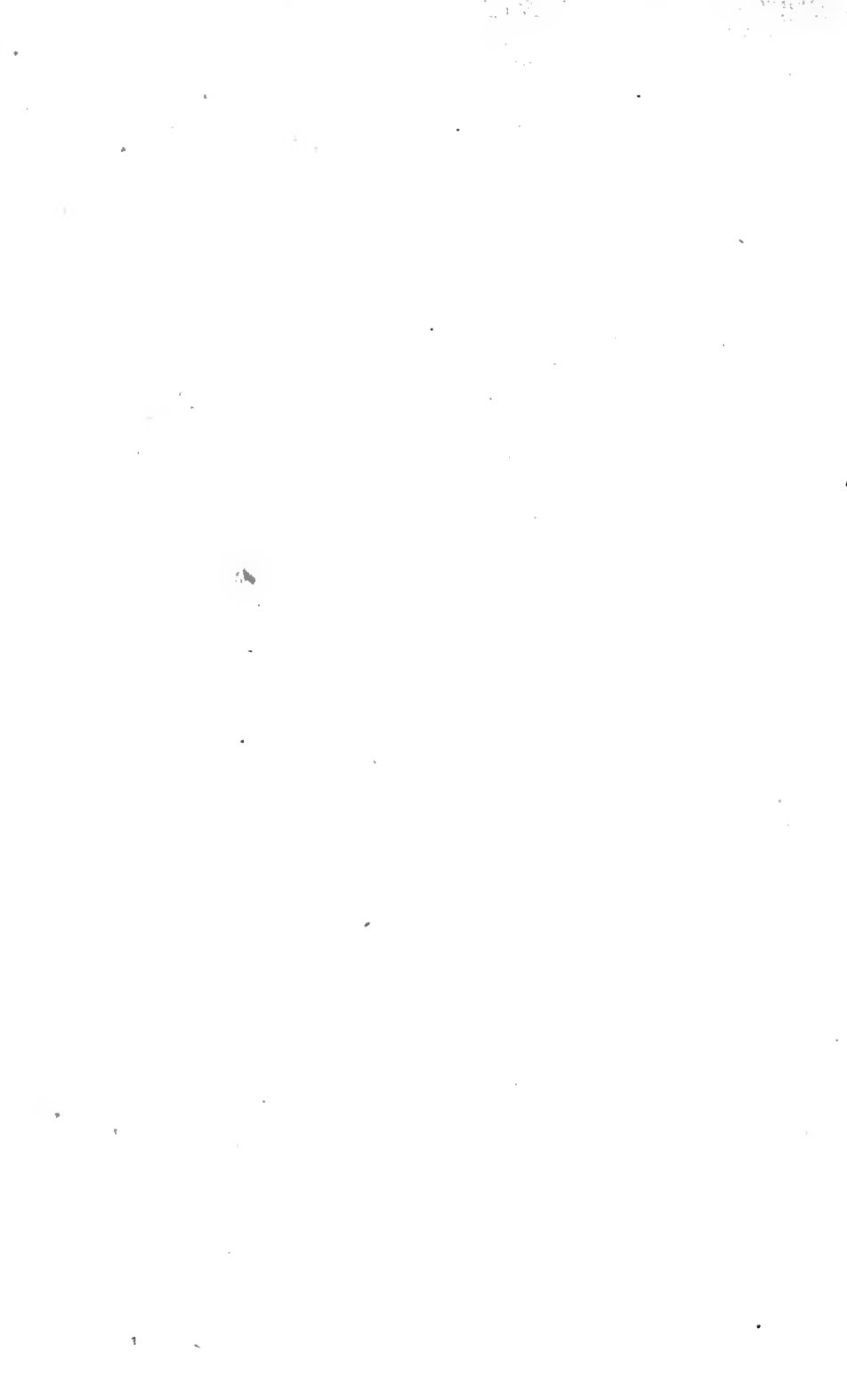
LONDON,

May 1920.



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I

MY FIRST HARTEBEEST

I ACQUIRED this hartebeest without having an absolute right to do so. "What a dreadful confession for a man calling himself a sportsman!" Yes, I allow it does read rather badly. All the same, it's a yarn I am going to spin—being rather a good story which I have bottled up for many years.

At the same time, mind you, I am laying myself open to a heavy penalty, but as the incident occurred over thirty years ago, when I was a young and guileless subaltern, perhaps the present Governor of Natal will deal leniently with me.

It happened this way.

In the autumn of 1878 I was encamped with my regiment near Grey Town, Natal. We had just come from active service in British Kaffraria. One afternoon I left camp for a ride across the veldt accompanied by a brother officer, Jackie R. (I will not divulge his name lest he also might drop in for the penalty as an accessory to the fact; though when I come to think of it the poor fellow has been dead for years.) We had taken

our rifles—mine was a .450 sporting Martini carbine by Westley Richards—on the chance of an odd shot at a buck, and had covered several miles of open veldt, when on topping a rise we suddenly saw before us a large herd of hartebeest.

The regiment had leave to shoot three hartebeests in Natal, but one particular herd was barred, being reserved for the Governor's own shooting.

It was this identical herd that was in front of us. As they were the first I had ever seen, I suggested that we should stalk up and inspect them. Acting on this idea we retired behind the rising ground, dismounted, knee-haltered our horses and crept forward. After crawling a considerable distance, we at last succeeded in getting within three hundred yards, and there we lay gazing.

My first sight of big game.

After a time, I don't know how it was, a great longing seemed to take possession of me. I suppose it was in my blood, inherited from my ancestors, I may say — unless the Darwinian theory is correct my oldest ancestress, a lady named Eve.

"By Jove! I am going to have a shot!" I suddenly exclaimed.

"For heavens sake, don't," replied Jackie. "You'll get into an awful row. There is a heavy fine for shooting one of these."

I answered, however, that I would chance it, and that I was bound to miss.

So sighting my rifle for three hundred yards I got on my knees, took a steady aim at the one on the left, and fired. We watched them all go lumbering off—they have a most ungainly movement—and were turning to go back to the horses when Jackie cried: “My hat! you’ve got him.” It was true. The herd had come to a *donga* (a dry ditch or cleft in the ground). One had been left behind and was with difficulty crossing.

All was now excitement, and every other idea went clean out of our heads. We rushed for our horses and were soon madly galloping over the veldt.

To make a long story short, we pursued that hartebeest for over an hour. Many times we nearly overtook him, but with a *donga* between us, and by the time we had crossed the beast was well away. So it went on, till he disappeared over the ridge of a hill in front of us. When we reached this point the hartebeest had vanished. In front were two short valleys, both leading down into a *vlei* (or swamp covered with rushes). Jackie took the right-hand valley, I went down the left. Just as I got to the bottom I saw the wounded hartebeest get up from the middle of the swamp and stagger to the far side.

In a second I had dismounted and, running to

the edge of the swamp, took a standing shot with my sight at a hundred and fifty yards.

It was a clean miss, so I sighted for two hundred. The wounded antelope was then clear of the swamp and was staggering up the bank. But at my second shot down he came, rolling over and over.

I gave a wild "Who-whoop!" and, regardless of the danger (one never knows the depth of these treacherous places), plunged up to my middle into the *vlei*.

An answering shout came from Jackie, and he soon joined me. We found the hartebeest nearly dead, and finished him. My last shot was at the back of the shoulder near the heart.

Well, here was a pretty kettle of fish!

The excitement over, I fully realised the enormity of my offence. Leaving the body of the defunct royal game, we hurried back to camp, carefully noting the landmarks, such as they were, in order to identify the spot again.

On arrival in camp I sent my servant quietly for the company's butcher and told him the story, arranging that he was to go out after dark and fetch the meat for the company. All that I wanted were the skin, head and horns.

That night after dark I passed him and another man through the line of sentries. They carried with them a lantern, which they did not light until they were clear away, and an empty tent bag.

N
In the morning the butcher brought me my trophies, informing me that he had made two expeditions, bringing back a tent bag full of meat each time.

These same trophies, I may here remark, did not remain long in my possession.

They were lost at Isandhlwana when our camp was taken by the Zulus, and in the stirring times which followed that unfortunate disaster all had more serious work to think of.

So it was that the shooting of one of the Governor's hartebeests by a young and excitable subaltern remained undiscovered.

At the conclusion of the Zulu War, and whilst on escort duty to Lord Wolseley at Ulundi, I had ample leisure to enjoy such sport as this district afforded.

By kind permission of the publishers of *The Field* I am able to reproduce below a letter written by myself at that time on the subject of sport at Ulundi.

EXTRACT FROM "THE FIELD" OF 13TH MARCH
1880

In August last I happened to be with the force which accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley when that gentleman proceeded to Ulundi to be present at the meeting of the chiefs. During the weeks we were encamped at the King's Kraal we had

much idle time on our hands ; almost the only thing to be done was shooting, and but a lucky few of us possessed guns. After we had been a few days at the Zulu capital, I became, by the most curious chance in the world, one of the above-named lucky individuals ; for one day, whilst watching some arms being surrendered by Zulus, I recognised and claimed for a brother officer of mine, not present, a pin-fire gun which I knew he had lost in the ill-fated camp of Isandhlwana. The gun was not in the slightest degree damaged, and after a thorough cleaning was as good as ever.

One morning, whilst passing through the camp, I was stopped by a young sub-inspector of mounted police, a very keen sportsman and good shot. "By Jove! you ought to have been with us yesterday," said he, "we had a splendid day's fishing, some of them up to 5 lb." This *was* news, and calculated to excite my feelings as a fisherman to the highest degree. "What kind of fish were they?" I asked. "Barbel," was the reply.

Now I may here remark that the above is the name which this fish goes by in Natal and Zululand, though what its proper designation is I have not the faintest idea. It lives amidst the mud at the bottom of rivers, resembles a huge tadpole in shape, with a large flat head, has feeler arrangements sticking out on either side

of the mouth, and is, bar none, the ugliest fish I ever set eyes on.

But to proceed. My friend made no secret of where the fishing ground was. He told me to follow the small stream which ran below the King's Kraal for about four miles, and that a short distance above, where it joined the White Umvelosi, I would find one or two fair-sized pools.

The next day I and my servant, both mounted, started to try our luck. I carried the aforementioned gun, as I intended to get some partridges for the larder, any change from the ordinary ration fare being always most acceptable in those times. My servant carried the fishing tackle. The fishing tackle sounds a large order; for in this case it did not consist of a beautifully balanced "Farlow's," or a splendid taper silk line, or an ebonite winch, but simply of about forty yards of very rotten woolly string bought at a store in Natal, two eel hooks, and a bullet. This elaborate line was wound on an old tent-peg. Our bait consisted of bits of ration beef, very untempting-looking, and I wonder the fish had the bad taste to bite at it; but then they were Zulu fish, which I suppose accounted for it.

Not always, I beg to state, had my fishing gear consisted of the above primitive material, for at one time I had with me a very good fly-rod and a fair collection of flies, but I lost them

all in Isandhlwana camp. Previous to this, however, I had some good days' sport in Natal with a fish called yellow fish (something like a chub), which takes a fly well, and on fine-drawn gut gives some excellent fun. Two of my brother officers caught once at the Umgeni Falls, near Maritzburg, 25 lb. of this fish with a fly in a few hours.

But I fear I am getting clean off the track ! To return to my story. On arriving at the pools we "off-saddled," tied the ponies up, and I proceeded to fish, or try to fish, the likeliest parts. But in many places, owing to the height and thickness of the grass and reeds, and the rottenness of the banks, it was impossible to get anywhere near the water. Moreover, the sun was hot, blazing hot, and the mosquitoes bit, and one of the ponies broke loose, and the string kept getting into tangles. I never came across such horrible stuff. In short, I was far from happy, and compelled to use a few words of mild complaint, just to ease my feelings. Some time passed in this manner without my getting the sign of a bite. Shifting my ground from time to time, I at length reached a nice open place where a little runlet emptied itself into the pool. Hardly had I thrown my line in when I felt a fish at me ; in another moment I was fast into it ; and after some gentle handling, on account of my flimsy tackle, succeeded in landing it safely. It proved

to be a barbel about 3 lb. I now handed my line to my servant and started off to pick up a few birds for the *cuisine*.

The banks of the White Umvelosi and its tributaries are thickly covered with bush. This bush simply swarms with partridge, chiefly tree partridge, and I do not in the least exaggerate when I say that anyone with a couple of good dogs and lots of cartridges could shoot here in a day just as many birds as he wanted to. There is also a fair amount of guinea-fowl, but I did not come across any that day. Unfortunately, I was the possessor of only a very limited supply of cartridges, and had to content myself with shooting just sufficient for our wants in camp; so, after picking up two or three brace, I turned and retraced my way back to the pools.

Here a pleasant surprise awaited me, for I found that my man had indeed done well in my absence, for he had landed five good fish, all from the same place where I had caught my three-pounder. His largest was between 4 lb. and 5 lb., the smallest about 2 lb. I now took the line from him, and, going a few yards down the pool, threw into a deep dark hole close to some bushes. Scarcely had two minutes elapsed before I had a fish on. He sulked for a second or two, and then of a sudden shot clean across the pool, taking out all the line I happened to have unwound, the remainder being on the tent-peg, hopelessly

entangled in the grass. "Hi, hi! come here!" I shouted to my faithful servitor. "I've a big one on!" In an instant he was by my side, had picked up the tent-peg, disentangled the line, and was ready to pay out more when required. Fearful suspense! "Shall I ever land the beast?" I thought. "Will this rotten old string—ahem! line, I should say—hold out to the end?" It was just a toss-up. Oh, if some of my old Usk fishing friends could have seen me then!—a tattered old pair of regulation trousers, an old blue boatswain's jersey, and a very disreputable helmet, the perspiration streaming down my face from excitement and heat. Added to this, my faithful Tommy Atkins in the background, winding away at the old tent-peg.

To make a long story short, this monster of the deep kept us at work for half-an-hour. At one time he got under the bushes close to where he was hooked; but by good luck I succeeded in getting him clear. At length he submitted quietly to be brought inshore. What a brute it did look when its head for the first time came above water!—so much so, that my man refused to touch it; but on its exhibiting signs of making another bolt into the pool, he made a frantic rush at it, and threw it upon the bank. It was a barbel, the biggest I had seen, and weighed 12 lb. I did not measure the breadth of its head, but I don't think I am far wrong in saying it was

between nine and ten inches, and quite flat. For the size of the pool in which I caught it, I consider it was very large, although this fish in the Lower Tugela runs, I believe, to 50 lb. and 60 lb. weight.

The day was now fast drawing to a close, so we prepared to return to camp. Fastening the fish and the partridges on to my saddle, I was preparing to mount, when my little demon of a Basuto pony felt the slimy barbel against its side. Up went his heels, and with one plunge he broke away. The next instant the birds were flying in one direction, the fish in another. It gave us no little trouble to recapture this wily steed, but at last we started fairly on our way, this time carrying our spoil in our hands. These barbel, though so ugly in appearance, are not bad eating, and my big fish, together with a steinbuck shot a few days previously, afforded us a dinner which was somewhat above our ordinary meals on the veldt.

II

MY FIRST TIGER SHOOT

It was at the end of 1881, when stationed at Secunderabad with my regiment, that S., young R. and myself, all of my regiment and all youngsters, elected to put in for ten days' Christmas leave and go into camp for a tiger shoot. We had had our shikáris out in the district for some time before. They had just brought us in *khabar* (news) of a tiger.

As the result we one evening found ourselves comfortably settled in a snug little camp about forty miles from cantonments and near a small village.

The second evening after our arrival, news came in that a tiger had killed a bullock close to the village. Preparations were at once made for a beat the next day.

A hundred and fifty to two hundred beaters are generally collected. Our custom was that as soon as all the beaters had assembled in camp they were made to sit down in a semicircle. Then each beater was given a shot-gun wad marked with our initials, and at the end of the day each man, before receiving his pay, had to produce

his marked wad. The following morning we started. Well I remember noticing in the village, as we passed, the *potel* (or head man) standing under the village tree, and alongside of him some comfortable cane arm-chairs and a carpet. Two excellent rifles were leaning against the tree. He informed us in the most patronising manner that if we missed the tiger we should send for him to kill it !

After drawing lots for places we were posted, and the beat commenced.

Young R. and myself had our stands on high rocks. S. was in a tree overlooking the road. A tiger beat is a long business, and often necessitates a tedious wait. Arranging the beaters and posting the "Stops" (men in trees with rattles to turn the tiger in case he tries to break out in the wrong direction) occupies a long time.

At last a faint sound of "tom-toms" and shouts of beaters can be heard. This is the time to look out for the tiger. He is generally well ahead.

Or perchance other game may pass your post—a sambur with fine antlers; a "cheetal" (a spotted deer); or, as the beat draws nearer, a stately peacock may come stalking by, his long tail rustling on the fallen leaves.

It is tantalising, but not a shot is allowed excepting at "Stripes."

However, on this occasion, nothing came my

way, but there was a shot in the distance. The beat was finished, and climbing down I joined R.

He had not fired, so we both set off in search of S.

Arriving at his tree we saw him descending, and he proceeded to inform us that the tiger had come out of the jungle just opposite. He fired and rolled the beast over in the road, but before there was time for a second shot he had picked himself up and disappeared into the jungle.

Pointing out the place on the road, the gun-bearer corroborated the story.

The shikáris, however, after examining the spot looked at one another and shook their heads. They evidently did not believe a word.

We all moved forward in the direction indicated.

And here let me state that young R. and myself were absolute greenhorns at the game. S. was little better. He had been out once before, I believe, when previously quartered in India.

I mention this here because our action in following on foot a wounded tiger into a dense jungle, in winter-time or cold season, when all the leaves are on the trees, was simply an act of mad folly.

In the hot weather it is different, as the leaves have fallen and it is possible to see well ahead.

The rifle I was carrying was a double .500 Express with hollow-pointed bullets and copper cap tubes.

My gun-bearer followed me with my shot-gun loaded with ball cartridge.

Besides the shikáris and ourselves, the jungle was full of nearly 200 beaters, all laughing and talking. We shouted that there was a wounded tiger about, but they paid no heed.

After proceeding about a hundred yards, one of the shikáris found a small drop of blood on a stone, and from there onwards the track was fairly plain.

I was stooping down to examine one of these blood marks when I heard a frightful roar. Looking up, I saw within sixteen paces of me a tiger in mid-air.

It was like a flash !

The next instant there was a piercing scream and down went a beater, the tiger shaking the unfortunate man like a rat.

For a moment I paused, fearing to hit the beater, and then fired.

The shot took effect on the beast, but only slightly wounded him. Young R. was standing alongside of me. He had a double 12-bore shot-gun loaded with ball.

With this he fired two shots in rapid succession. The first was a missfire. The bullet from the second struck, but did not penetrate, as we

afterwards found it sticking in the loose folds of the skin behind the shoulder.

There was probably something very faulty in the loading.

I then fired my second shot, which mortally wounded the tiger.

There was a bank just behind, and down this he must have rolled. Anyway, he disappeared from sight.

This takes a long time in the telling, but it all happened in a few moments.

I looked round. S. was standing on a rock close by; behind him his gun-bearer, whose face was pea-green! My own gun-bearer had disappeared.

Almost every tree in the vicinity was crowded with panic-stricken beaters, but one, about forty yards to my right front, and about the same distance from the fatal spot, was unoccupied. For this I made, accompanied by R., S. and the head shikári.

They gave me a "leg-up," and I climbed into the lower boughs, but from this position all I could see was the unfortunate man apparently dead.

The head shikári then climbed into the upper branches above my head.

He sang out that the tiger was *not* dead, and thereupon fired his old "Snider." That shot, I think, must have finished him.

After waiting nearly ten minutes—our head

man would not let us move before—we descended, made a detour and approached the scene of the accident from the opposite direction, moving in single file, the head skihári leading, myself next.

The former suddenly halted and pointed in front. Peering forward I could just see, amongst the leaves, yellow and black stripes.

At these I fired, but the animal was already dead, as we saw by advancing a few paces.

The unfortunate coolie was lying at the top of the bank, quite dead—the back of his head completely smashed by one blow of the tiger's paw.

A scene of wild confusion followed. The uncle of the beater threw himself on the body, beat his breast and howled.

We could do nothing, and so retired to consult with the shikári.

It was with difficulty that the latter collected enough men to carry the tiger into camp, after it had been slung on a small sapling felled for the purpose.

An examination showed that S.'s shot had struck rather far back. This accounted for the beast's bobbery condition.

Young R.'s shot, as before stated, was found sticking in the folds of the skin behind the shoulder. It had not even penetrated the skin.

My first shot inflicted a slight wound in the neck. The bullet from the second we found in

the lungs near the heart, and near this also the shikári's "Snider" bullet.

I have it still.

That evening they brought before us the widow of the coolie, a young girl of about sixteen, and on her behalf demanded the sum of four hundred rupees *per mensem* for life (a little more than the pay of a subaltern of a British infantry regiment in India).

This modest request was backed up by the *potel* before mentioned.

Under the circumstances, it was decided to refer the matter at once to the local authorities.

A letter was despatched by runner to the *tahsildar* (or head native) in charge of the district, reporting the occurrence, and requesting that an official might be sent to investigate the matter.

As the result, on the following day, two of the Nizam's officers, gorgeous individuals in green and gold, arrived and proceeded to hold a court of inquiry.

They first asked the widow if she elected to have the case decided on the spot or whether she would refer it to the courts in Hyderabad.

In the latter case—so they informed her—the probable amount of compensation would be from eighty to ninety rupees—not more.

She chose to abide by their decision.

It was finally arranged that we were to pay a few hundred rupees in a lump sum—a sum, how-

ever, far in excess of anything the woman would have possessed even if her unfortunate husband had not been killed.

Her brother accompanied us back to Secunderabad to receive the money.

Our friend the *potel* at once suggested that the sum should be handed over to him to hold in trust for the poor girl.

His cheek was unbounded.

However, we stopped his little game, and that was the end of our Christmas shoot.

III

A TIGER SHOOT (1882)

THE following hot weather saw me, from a big-game point of view, once more on the warpath.

Together with two brother officers I spent nearly the whole of my long leave—April, May, and part of June—on the Godavari river, one of the best districts for big game in Central India.

The soldier officer in those days could easily get a shooting pass (*parwána*), but now, so I am informed, the best of the district is reserved for the Nizam's own shooting.

S. and myself were again together. R. had gone to the Staff Corps, and in his place we had, as a third rifle, my dear old friend Eustace G., who fell gallantly commanding his battery in the late Boer War.

The whole of our camp had been sent off in advance ten days before.

On this expedition I took with me one double .450 hammerless Express, by Holland & Holland, then a novelty and probably one of the first in the Deccan; a heavy double 12-bore rifle, by Tolley, firing a Forsyth swedge shell, and my hammerless climax double 12-bore shot-gun, also

by Holland & Holland. The case of the 12-bore Tolley rifle (which, by the way, I had purchased second-hand from a brother officer) contained a complete apparatus for making the swedge shells: this I had to do myself as there were none ready made.

The apparatus consisted of the following: two moulds, one of which made a cup-shaped piece of lead. The second mould turned out a leaden wad which fitted into the top of the cup-shaped piece above-mentioned.

There was also a steel tube, attached to which was a clamping arrangement to fix it on to a table, as in a turn-over machine for loading cartridges. On the top of the tube was a steel screw, working with a handle similar to a paper press.

The cup-shaped piece of lead was next placed in the steel tube. Then came the delicate part of the operation. The bursting charge for the shell was placed in the leaden cup. It consisted of chloride of potash and red antimony mixed in proper proportions.

I remember a very delicate weighing-machine was borrowed from the station hospital.

The charge having been placed in the cup, the leaden wad was laid on the top. The handle was turned slowly round, and the screw with its steel-headed block descended, forcing both cup and leaden wad through the tube. They came out welded into one bullet.

Besides carts we had over twenty pack-bullocks, each carrying two panniers slung on either side.

Before starting, the whole were paraded in my compound (garden), and whilst watching them an amusing scene took place. In one of the panniers containing soda water a bottle suddenly burst, and immediately exploded the others, which went off with a succession of pops. The unfortunate *bail* at once took a bee-line for the compound wall, and stampeded the remainder, with the result that everything was chaos. Some of the bullocks got away out of the compound. Others smashed their loads and were with difficulty pacified.

It was some time before order was restored.

At that time there was no railway to Warangal, so E. G. and myself travelled by bullock-bandy for nearly a hundred miles *via* Hanamkonda,¹ arriving at the latter place absolutely worn out, tired, hungry and feverish from the intense heat. We received a most hospitable welcome from

¹ "The present town of Hanamkonda is a comparatively modern settlement, but in the near neighbourhood are the ruins of the ancient city of Warangal. It must have been an immense place, surrounded by three circles of walls, the outer one said to be twenty-five miles in circumference. The ruins of these walls can still be seen.

"In A.D. 1321 Mahammed bin Tughlag, commanding an army under the King of Delhi, captured and sacked the city."—Extract from *Historic Landmarks of the Deccan*, by Major Haig, Indian Army.

According to tradition countless loads of plunder are said to have been carried off to the northern capital.

an American missionary who happened to be stationed there. I shall never forget his kindness. He took us off to his bungalow, and a long sleep in a cool room was most enjoyable after our three days of burning heat in a stuffy bullock-bandy. After a good rest, and most enjoyable dinner, he sent us on our way with a gift of a large basket of fruit, and we parted with mutual wishes of good will.

S. followed later.

On arrival in camp, Esthapully, we found another sahib already established.

B. C., although comparatively recently out from home, had been leading a very rough life in the jungle for some weeks past, as his tattered clothing clearly showed. If I remember right we had an unsuccessful tiger beat together and a duck shoot.

Then with hearty wishes for good luck we parted company.

I little thought then that this casual meeting would lead to a lifelong friendship, but so it happened. One day, about six months after, I was coming out of the Army and Navy Co-operative Stores, in Victoria Street, when an immaculate swell, faultlessly turned out, accosted me.

It was difficult at first to recognise my jungle acquaintance B. C., who, when last seen, was more or less in rags !

I look back on that shooting trip as one of the most enjoyable times of my life. No worries, no cares, added to which was the most delightful thought that in this entire district we were free to roam wherever we pleased.

We were all young in those days.

One incident only caused a temporary eclipse of my enjoyment. It was missing my first shot in this expedition.

I can remember it as if it was yesterday. Near our camp was an old fort buried in the jungle, Tarcherla by name, hundreds of years old. At one time it must have been an immense place. The inside was in parts overgrown with dense jungle, but a few spots with small trees were fairly open.

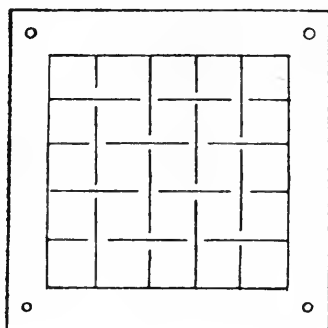
It was on one of those trees that my *mâchan* had been placed—not a good selection. It was too thin, and swayed with our weights (my gun-bearer's and my own).

A *mâchan* is a seat made in the boughs of a tree, put up either by the shikâris or woodcutters working under the direction of the former, sometimes resulting in great discomfort.

From past experience I found the most convenient plan was to carry about a small light seat which could be fixed quickly in a tree.

The seat was made thus—taking a common village *chârpâi* (bed) as a pattern. A light frame is made, 2 feet 6 inches square on the outer edge.

The frame about 3 inches broad and leather thongs criss-crossed thus :



At each corner a steel ring should be fixed, through which to cord the seat firmly into its place.

Our position was nearly in the centre of the ruin.

A tiger had been marked down in this old fort. In fact he was an old habitu   here.

Report had it that, many years before, poor Giles, of the 77th, had fired at this identical beast and hit it in the foot.

A few days later, not more than a mile from this spot, he was pulled out of a tree and killed by another tiger which he had wounded, and which was afterwards shot by the shik  ri.

The tree was pointed out to us, and the bough on which he was sitting. I should certainly have considered myself safe there.

Soon after the beat commenced I saw the tiger.

He was creeping along close to the wall of the ruin, in the thickest jungle. Then he left it and, at a trot, headed straight for my tree.

He would have come right past me had I only waited. But, alas ! I was over-eager, and fired when he was still too far off. Result, a miss with both barrels. Of course my unsteady tree had something to do with it. What was worse, I turned the tiger away from the other rifles, so he escaped untouched.

It was a sad day for me, but it taught me a lesson of patience.

Soon after, having moved to another camp, a tiger was marked down, and we found ourselves the following morning posted for the beat.

The other two rifles were stationed at intervals in fairly open level jungle, with large trees in which their *mâchans* were placed.

My post was in a small nullah (or glen), on one flank.

It was quite narrow, and from my *mâchan* in a small tree in the middle of the nullah I commanded both sides, and also had a fairly clear view of the approach.

Soon after the beat commenced I heard two shots, and wondered what was the result.

It seemed that I had been waiting ages, but probably it was only a few minutes, when the shikári touched me on the shoulder and pointed down the nullah.

Then I saw the tiger coming slowly towards me with his head down.

Bearing in mind my recent experience I determined to pull myself together and take my time. Besides which, I was fairly convinced that he was badly wounded and that it only remained for me to finish him off.

On he came, and when within forty or fifty yards of my tree turned up a bank to some rocks just on a level with me.

As he stood for a moment I fired behind the shoulder, and over he rolled, practically dead, but I gave him a second shot in the head.

The beat was over.

The shots had attracted the other guns and we were soon gathered round the dead beast.

Kneeling beside him I pointed to the two shots, and looking up inquired: "Which of you two hit him?"—of course, expecting one of them to claim (the first shot always gets the skin, even if it only grazes the tail). Then came a surprise: S. had not fired; E. G. had only fired two long shots, both of which he was positive had missed—anyway we could find no other mark.

So, after all, it was not a wounded tiger that I had finished off, but one untouched.

And the *skin was mine!*

One day, at a certain camp of which I have

forgotten the name, acting on information from the local shikári, we went out to some neighbouring rocks in search of bear.

Those found in the Godavari district are the ordinary Indian sloth bear of the plains.

MELURSUS URSINUS

By the aid of a firework in the shape of a squib, dropped into a hole or small cave, we succeeded in bolting a female bear and her cub. As she passed I fired, and wounded her, not sufficiently, however, to stop the animal, and away she went, followed by the cub. For three mortal hours we followed that bear. At first the tracks were easily discernible, but after a very short distance we came to rock and stony ground. Here we were for a long time at fault, held up, till, as luck would have it, a native woodcutter appeared. He was a little wizened old man, who at once consented to join in the hunt.

What an example it was in tracking to watch that little old man. I have never seen anything to equal it.

As previously stated, the chase of the wounded bear occupied about three hours.

It was tiring work, but so absorbed was I in watching the tracker that I hardly noticed the heat and the rough going. The woodcutter first picked a long stalk of dry jungle grass, then broke

off a piece about two feet long. When the marks were distinct he walked along pointing with the straw, but the more indistinct the tracks became the slower he went, until at last, when we got into rocky ground, he almost crawled, with his face close to the ground. What he saw on many occasions at which to point his straw fairly puzzled me.

Once I said to S.: "What mark did he point at then? I saw nothing."

S. replied: "They tell me it was a little pebble that had been overturned, showing the reverse side still damp."

It was an object lesson to watch that little native. How my old friend Sir R. Baden-Powell would have appreciated it! In lectures to my men on scouting I have often mentioned that splendid bit of tracking which resulted in our at last overtaking the wounded bear and finishing her. The cub, which we captured alive, became, after a few days in camp, fairly tame.

One evening I had been working at a table in front of our huts.

It was moonlight, and quite late, when at last, having finished writing my diary and letters, I blew out the lantern and proceeded to my tent—not the ordinary bell tent of home service, but the regulation Indian *cabul pâl* (or small marquee).

Arriving under the shadow of the doorway I was about to enter, when there was a most un-

pleasant growl near my legs, succeeded by suppressed laughter from the neighbouring tents. Then it flashed on me that this was a little practical joke on the part of my pals; and so it proved, for on striking a light the bear cub was discovered chained to one of my tent-poles.

To write a full account of our three months' trip might be wearisome, sufficient, I think, to mention one or two of the chief incidents.

Three tigers were one day driven out in one beat.

Two of these S. knocked over right and left. A splendid performance. As will be seen, he had the bad luck not to get the two skins.

Both beasts were only wounded and disappeared.

We first commenced to track one, which was easy, as the blood marks were plentiful. Owing to the broken nature of the ground and débris of rocks it was impossible to use a pad elephant, and consequently a somewhat risky proceeding.

With the recollection of our fatal accident last Christmas fresh in my mind, I carried my heavy 12-bore shell rifle myself (it was usually carried by my gun-bearer), and did not feel the weight.

After cautiously proceeding some distance, we caught sight of one of our shikáris fifty yards in front.

He was on a rock about twenty-five feet high, with a steep slope leading up to it. Beckoning

to us, he put his fingers on his lips and pointed down at his feet.

By this we naturally concluded that he had found the wounded tiger. So up the rock we went. We were all wearing cotton soles to our boots. These cling like limpets to the rock and enable one to move as noiselessly as a cat.

On reaching the top we found a narrow ledge, about two feet broad, and along this we lined, E. G. on the right, S. in the centre, and myself on the left.

At our feet was a long chasm in the rocks, as far as I could see, six to eight feet deep and the same in breadth.

On the other side there was a rising slab of rock up to the edge, where it ended in a wall thirty feet down into the jungle.

All was ready.

A squib was lighted (for this purpose fireworks of this kind should always be carried), and hardly had the squib commenced to "bang-bang" when out came—not the wounded tiger, but a splendid panther.

As he jumped along the slab of rock in front there was a volley from all our rifles.

All three shots took effect.

The shell from my heavy rifle went right through the body and exploded on the rock beyond, leaving a great blur.

The panther was knocked head over heels,

and disappeared over the edge of the rock like a shot rabbit.

But what of us ?

Our insecure footing caused nearly all of us to lose our balance, and the result was dire confusion.

E. G. just escaped going over backwards. He saved himself, but in doing so upset his gun-bearer, who went rolling down the rock with his master's shot-gun, the stock of which was broken in the fall.

Most unparliamentary language from E. G. !

Also, if I remember rightly, the same from S., who, however, had nothing much to complain of, as he managed to retain *his* equilibrium.

The recoil of my heavy 12-bore would unquestionably have toppled me backwards, had I not in desperation clung to my fat gun-bearer, who stood as firm as a brewer's drayman. It all happened in a few seconds, and the absurdity of the scene struck me.

I sat down and roared.

If kodaks had been invented in those days, what a snapshot it would have made !

After retrieving our dead panther¹ we proceeded to find the lost spoor of the wounded tiger.

This we soon did, but after following a con-

¹ A grand specimen, the skin measured eight feet. We tossed for it, and I fortunately won. It was in my possession for many years, till eventually stolen from me in Cairo.

siderable distance, the blood tracks became fainter and fainter, and finally disappeared.

So *that* one, the first, had to be abandoned.

Hard luck for S.

We then returned and followed up the second track.

This led to a cave, and although we heard the beast inside, it was quite impossible to do anything.

We tried in vain to smoke him out, but, to make a long story short, there he remained and there he died.

Poor S. did not get the skin for three days, by which time it was greatly damaged by fire, etc.

At a place called Alamkunta we had a tiger beat, and on that occasion I was lucky in drawing the best position, which was in the centre, on rather a low tree, at the bend of a nullah.

The beat commenced and, as this spot was somewhat bare and open, I saw the tiger coming up towards me.

Taking my time I waited, and as he passed under my tree I fired.

A click and nothing more. It was a missfire, the only one I ever had from an Express rifle.

The ground behind me sloped up on to a plateau, and turning round I fired the left barrel as the tiger was about level with me on the top. The shot broke its back, but at the same instant

E. G. fired from his *mâchan*, his shot striking behind the shoulder. Either shot would prove fatal. E. G. very generously allowed me to keep the skin.

On my return to London I had the bad cartridge cut open and examined, when it was discovered that one of the small pieces of metal inside the cartridge case, called "anvils," had become misplaced, and so the charge had failed to explode after the blow upon the cap by the striker.

These anvils were in those days loose, but since the introduction of cordite powder for rifles the loose anvil has been dispensed with and the cartridge-case now has a projection which is solid with the base of the cartridge-case and upon which the cap is impinged by the blow of the striker.

They told me at the gunmaker's that it was one of the very few instances they had ever met with in their long experience.

Our rule was never to fire a shot from rifle or gun in or near camp, so long as there was the slightest chance of tiger, but when the tiger drives were over, and before shifting camp, we usually had a general beat for anything that might be driven out.

Besides this, we often devoted a day to wild-fowl shooting if there happened to be any tanks or *jhils* near.

I had brought with me a primitive collapsible boat, a home-made affair, purchased from an officer in the Indian army.

It consisted of a rough wooden framework, which fitted into a sort of bag, thickly painted with linseed oil.

A clumsy contrivance, but without which it would have been impossible to put up the duck, as some of these tanks (reservoirs for storing water during the hot season) were many acres in extent and of great depth.

The water weeds and plants which covered their surface had probably never been disturbed for centuries.

My canoe was called in the regiment "the coffin," and so it might have proved had I tumbled in among the stems of these entwining water-lilies.

Sometimes we spent a morning after snipe. At this season of the year, the commencement of the hot weather, the greater part had migrated, but a few were still to be found.

A hot-weather snipe, although a dainty contribution to the mess, does not afford much sport, being very sluggish in his flight. Not very long after this expedition I found myself quartered in Ireland. Snipe on an Irish bog with the wind behind them proved rather a contrast.

Godavari snipe were always shifting, as far as my experience went. I have walked through

some paddy-fields (rice-fields) near my camp in the morning and shot ordinary full snipe. At the end of the day on my return to camp I have again gone through these same fields and met with nothing but painted snipe. This bird, although of very handsome plumage, is not so good for the table as the ordinary kind.

Of the many varieties of wild fowl, the cotton teal was by far the commonest, and we met with them on nearly every pool, or *jhil*.

These excellent little birds formed a welcome addition to our camp fare.

Besides the incidents above narrated, we had several somewhat exciting adventures.

Once, during a beat, a tiger pulled a coolie out of a tree. The wretched man had seated himself only six feet from the ground.

Unfortunately "Stripes" spotted him, pulled him down, bit him through the thigh, and then unaccountably left him.

He was carefully attended to in camp, and eventually, the wound having healed, was able to return practically sound to his native village.

(By that time I had left on my return to Secunderabad pending exchange home, and what followed was related to me afterwards.)

To the surprise of my comrades, some of his relatives appeared a few days afterwards, when they stated that the man was dead, and demanded further compensation.

S. was not satisfied and rode over to his village. From information obtained, he came to the conclusion that the unfortunate beater's own people had quietly finished him off in the hopes of receiving the money now claimed.

Needless to say they did not get it.

One day a tiger beat had just finished.

Nothing had come my way, but I had heard several shots.

One of the under shikáris appeared at the foot of my tree and told me that I was wanted. Placing a ladder for my descent he led me to where S. was standing surrounded by the other shikáris.

E. G. was still seated in his tree, and, what was more, having fired away all his cartridges he was, so to speak, "out of action," and could take no further part in the game.

S. then proceeded to tell me that we had to finish off E. G.'s tiger, which was lying down, badly wounded, behind a bush, to which he pointed 150 yards away.

A howdah elephant was sent for, and soon arrived. S. and myself clambered up, sitting side by side. Just as we were starting I took up my shell rifle.

S. thereupon sang out to E. G.: "Here is Mainwaring going to spoil your skin."

"Oh, very well," I replied, putting it down and taking up my .450 Express.

The old elephant was a “ripper.” He did not seem in the least alarmed.

The mahout was staunch and true, and as a matter of fact was wearing a silver bangle given him by M. P. of the 12th Lancers for a similar performance.

Absolutely unmoved, he directed the elephant, and we slowly advanced.

We were within 50 or 60 yards of the bush when the wounded beast appeared—growling savagely and streaming with blood.

S. and myself fired simultaneously.

S.’s shot struck the body, but not in a vital spot; mine hit the beast in the upper part of the fore-leg.

It was a segmental bullet that had been recommended to me—the first and only time I ever used it. A real useless bullet, as it did not even break the bone, but ran down the leg. I picked it out afterwards from under the skin.

The two shots momentarily checked his advance, but with an ugly roar he came straight for us. S. shouted to me in very forcible language to use my heavy rifle.

I did so, and by good luck managed to plant a shell in his head, which, of course, dropped him instantly stone dead.

On our return journey we worked down the Godavari river.

At one spot the river makes almost a right-angled turn, and here, to our surprise, we came upon a deserted cantonment (Muknur).

Imagine our astonishment when we suddenly found ourselves in a long street, or mall, with deserted bungalows on either side, each standing in its own garden.

Here and there a wicket gate still remained, some only hanging by one hinge.

Every house was roofless, the buildings choked with vegetation. It was a most melancholy sight. E. G. said it reminded him of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

We found an old native who had been there with the sahibs.

He pointed out various objects of interest, including the site of the old race-course and the remains of the racket court.

It was not until after our return to Secunderabad that we found the true history of this place.

It was first established about 1828.

As previously stated, the river at this point makes a sharp bend. (See next page.)

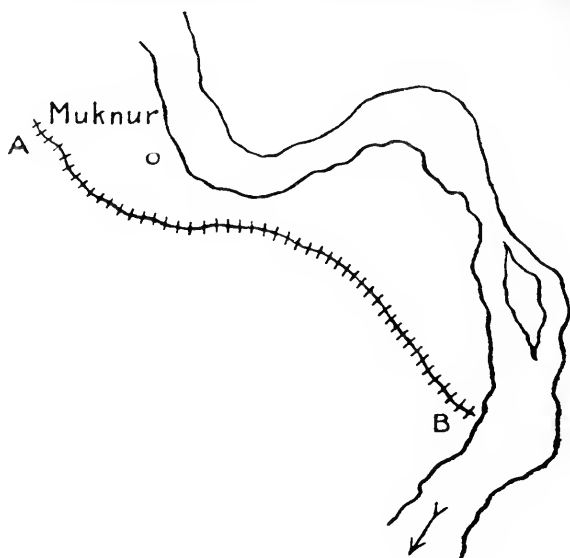
In order to save distance for transport purposes the Government had made a road, A. B., afterwards improved into a narrow tram-line for the conveyance of goods.

In later years the cantonment was found unnecessary. The need for it had ceased, and about 1870 both station and tram-line were abandoned.

Only twelve years had passed when we saw it, and yet such is the growth of tropical vegetation that the place had all the appearance of having been deserted thirty or forty years.

Near our camp were some pools, close to the river.

They swarmed with fresh-water prawns, and we



used to go down and fish for them by the hour. Although we had bites as fast as we could throw in our lines, very few were caught. It was just chance whether the hook caught on their scaly bodies.

The few we did capture were made into curry, and jolly good they were.

Whilst fishing here we discovered that these pools were inhabited by alligators, or "muggers," as the smaller ones are called.

Having once made this discovery we were most keen—at least, I was—to get a shot at one. The question was, how?

So far we had only the old native's word for their existence, as none had been seen.

So I sent for our shikáris, and the following was the plan suggested—namely, to tie up a young goat to a bush close to the water. After a while the goat would commence bleating. This would attract the mugger to the edge of the pool and, with luck, he might even come right out.

As the goat would be well protected from any harm, there was nothing cruel in the method, and so the plan was adopted.

I lay down behind a rock, the goat being tied to a bush close by. It commenced bleating at once. After a certain time had passed I noticed on the surface of the pool, about 50 yards out, two objects, the size of small black corks.

These gradually came nearer the shore and the ugly snout of a mugger was revealed.

Slowly and slowly it moved, terribly slowly, for another factor had impressed itself on me with full force: the rock was becoming unbearably hot.

S. had been lying behind me, but could stand it no longer and cleared off.

I turned to my gun-bearer and demanded his puggaree, which he promptly pulled off.

This served for me to lie on and afforded slight relief.

The mugger had come to within 25 to 30 feet of the shore and had evidently no immediate intention of approaching nearer.

His head was only just under water. There was not sufficient depth to deflect a bullet, so, as I really could not stand the heat of that red-hot rock any longer, I took a steady aim for the eye and fired.

Instantly up went his tail, curving over like a scorpion.

A great disturbance in the water, which was dyed red.

Then all was still ; the mugger had disappeared.

We left watchers at the pool all night. Morning brought no sign of the beast, and as a tiger drive had been arranged we were absent most of the day.

It was an unsuccessful day, if I remember right.

In the cool of the evening we again went down to the pool, and to pass the time went fishing.

But we had not been there long before a shout from some natives drew our attention to the fact that the mugger's body had come up and was floating in the middle of the pool.

One of our men wanted to plunge in, but we stopped him and sent for a pad elephant.

His mahout drove him into the pool, and by means of a rope secured the body.

During our two and a half months' trip we saw many tiger, and there is no doubt that, had our shikáris been skilled big-game shikáris, with a better knowledge of the habits of a tiger, we ought to have doubled our bag.

When a tiger was driven out, and either missed or not shot at, these men insisted that it was useless to try for that beast again, as he would have gone into another district.

This theory was proved by future shooting parties to be utterly wrong, the same tiger being beaten out twice, sometimes three times, during the course of the day.

A tiger will not travel far in the hot weather, on account of the heat to the pads of his feet.

Unfortunately, this knowledge was not gained until I had left the country for home.

Our total bag for the trip was :

9 tiger.

1 panther.

1 bear and 1 cub—the latter taken alive.

1 small alligator.

And various small game.

IV

SOMALILAND

1894

IN my humble opinion the anticipation of and preparation for a big-game shooting trip are almost as enjoyable as the expedition itself.

At least that was my feeling when, in the early spring of 1894, being then quartered in Cairo with my regiment, I commenced to make arrangements for a shooting expedition into Somaliland.

Our party was to consist of three: my old friend, Major B. C., S. of the 7th Dragoon Guards, and myself. S. and myself were stationed together in Cairo, but B. C. was in England.

We had already purchased some of our camels. For this we employed a native, by name Hadji Duella Idris, a noted headman. He went over from Aden to Berbera to make our purchases, but could not take service with us as he was already engaged for another expedition (Mr Donaldson Smith).

Owing to the fact that we had on our route to cross the *haud* (or waterless plain) of Somaliland,



THE RESIDENCY, BERBERA



OUR CAMP NEAR OLD MOSQUE, BERBERA

it was necessary to make arrangements to carry several days' water supply.

For this purpose *hans* were employed. The *han* is a very finely woven basket, partly covered with skin. It holds water well, but imparts to it a somewhat disagreeable taste. For our personal use, however, we had four zinc camel tanks, each holding thirteen gallons. These, through the kindness of Lord Kitchener, then Sir Herbert Kitchener, Sirdar, were lent to us from the Egyptian Ordnance Stores.

As the result of weeks of work our outfit of provisions and stores was about as complete as could be desired.

It comprised most that could possibly be of use, from a mincing machine to a hypodermic syringe.

My battery consisted of :

One .577 double Express.

„ .500 „ „

„ .360 rook rifle.

„ 12-bore double shot-gun.

All by Holland & Holland.

Also an ordinary .303 service rifle, with which I used the new split bullets. The rook rifle was for collecting specimens.

A double 8-bore rifle by Jeffries, burning 10 drs. of powder, was sent out to me by my wife, but arrived too late.

S. and myself left Cairo about the beginning of July.

At Suez we joined B. C., just out from home, and there embarked for Aden.

On arrival we found our stores from England awaiting us—twenty-six cases.

We stayed some days at the Hôtel de l'Europe, buying ponies, engaging men and completing our arrangements.

Our headman was Hadji Jama. He was young, about twenty-eight, but most capable, and had already gained considerable experience on previous shooting trips.

He had seen service with the German East African Force under Major Weisman.

An excellent head man, he served us well and faithfully.

My head shikári was Nur Farrar.

My gun-bearer was named Moosa.

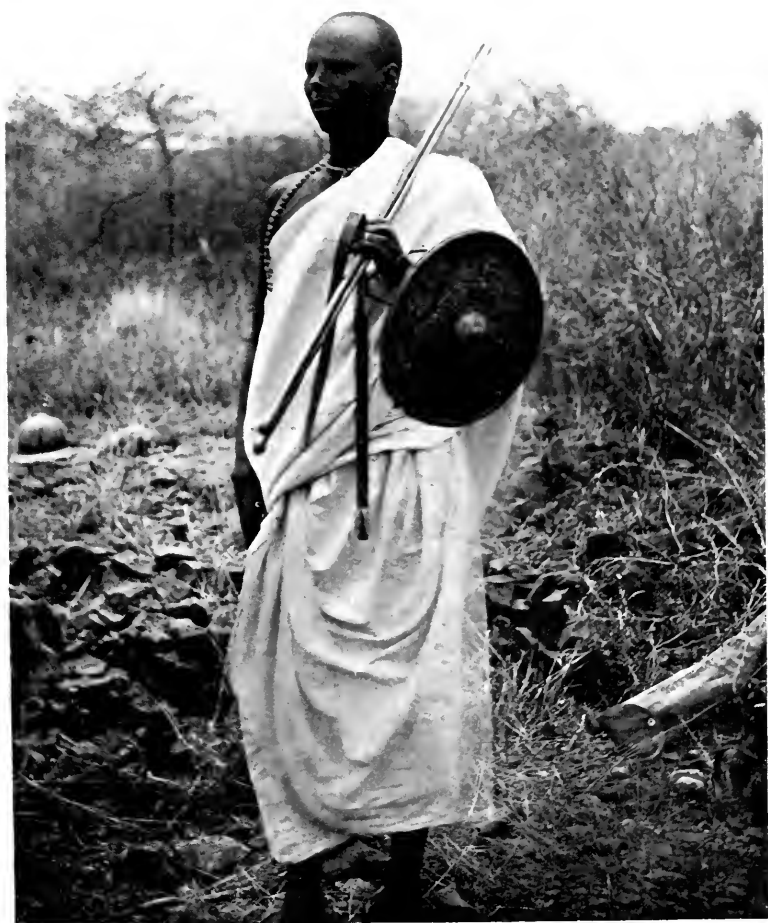
All being ready we left Aden on the 21st of July by the s.s. *Sheik Birkund*, and had a very rough passage—according to the skipper, the worst he had ever experienced.

We were caught by the south-westerly monsoon and driven twenty miles out of our course.

Instead of arriving at Berbera at 10 A.M. we did not "fetch port" till 6.45 P.M.

We landed in the dark, providentially meeting Lieutenant Cox,¹ Assistant Resident, and his wife. They welcomed us most hospitably, with

¹ Now Sir Percy Cox, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., Political Resident in the Persian Gulf.



HADJI JAMA
HEADMAN OF THE EXPEDITION

an invitation to dinner, Mrs Cox adding (I remember it so well): "Please do not trouble to dress for dinner." She little knew that the shikar clothes we stood up in were about the only suits we possessed. Anyway, our dress clothes were reposing in our portmanteaux at Aden, and these we were not likely to see for many a long day.

Without the kindness of Mr and Mrs Cox we should have had a very poor time. As it was, we spent the night at their house.

Here we met Captain Welby, 18th Hussars, just returned from a very successful shoot.

His bag—about forty head—included eight lions, one rhino, sixteen oryx and two young live panther cubs.

These latter appeared to afford Mrs Cox great amusement.

July 23rd and 24th.—The next two days, 23rd and 24th, we were busy making our preparations.

The Coxes insisted on our having all our meals with them.

We found that we should require forty-five camels.

On the morning of the 24th I spent a worrying time settling with the men of the expedition and paying each one month's pay in advance.

July 24th.—The haggling of the men for higher wages, combined with the awful heat of the tent, was most trying.

Captain Welby left midday for Aden and we hoped that our bag would be as good as his.

Ten sacks of rice bought from Beckegie at Aden were found to be bad. Fortunately, we arranged with Mr Grosse to exchange them for good grain.

That evening we had high tea with the Coxes and then took our farewell.

We left behind with Mahomed Hindi, a well-known merchant of Berbera, twelve drums bought from Beckegie, but so badly cleaned as to be useless.

We each had our special department of the expedition to manage.

All the shikáris, or hunters, were under B. C. He collected news of game and decided the direction to take.

S. looked after the commissariat. I had charge of the transport.

With regard to our messing I can call to mind two amusing stories. The first as follows :—

B. C. and S. were together. I was away at another camp. Their native boys or personal servants took turn about to wait at table and to get things ready.

One morning S.'s boy was on duty at breakfast. Suddenly B. C. uttered an exclamation and pushed his plate away.

B. C. : "What awful salt this is."

S. : "What is the matter with the salt ?"

B. C. : " It's beastly."

S. : " Nonsense. The salt is all right."

B. C. : " Well, I've had enough of it."

And he walked away.

Later, an examination of the cook's box disclosed the fact that the salt castor had by mistake been filled with powdered alum. This we used for clearing the drinking water.

A week later, breakfast-time.

B. C.'s boy was waiting.

A yell from S. as he jumped up.

" What filthy mustard."

B. C. : " What is the matter with the mustard ? "

S. : " It is simply too disgusting for words."

B. C. : " Not at all. The mustard is quite good."

S. : " Well, anyway, it has made me feel sick and spoilt my breakfast."

Thereupon another court of inquiry assembled on the cook's box and, after some search, the discovery was made that a tin of Odoform, which we kept for treating camels' backs, had, by mistake, been put amongst our cooking things.

Another little story.

When B. C. was taking leave of his people in England his wife, at the last moment, pressed into his hand a tin of Valentine's Meat Extract, beseeching him, with deep emotion, to use it in case of serious illness.

All his boxes were packed and so, in the hurry, for want of a better place, C. put the tin into one of his rifle cases.

There he left it and forgot all about it.

A month or more afterwards S. one day was feeling very unwell. B. C. remembered the meat extract. Thinking that some of it would be good for the invalid, he went to the rifle case, but, to his surprise, found that the tin had gone.

Summoning his "boy" he demanded an explanation, and then learnt that the meat jelly had been used to clean his rifle!

July 25th.—We started at 1 A.M. Our long train of camels quite an imposing sight! It reached about 150 yards. We halted at 6.30 A.M. for midday rest and moved off again at 2.45 P.M., having spent most of the time in a blinding sand-storm. Some of the men very cleverly made a shelter for us under a tree with some camel-mats. We halted again for the night at 6.30 P.M. and bivouacked. It was not worth putting up a tent.

July 26th.—Up at 2.30 A.M., and here I must mention a thoughtless act of mine. Awaking first I determined to rouse the others, so jumping up I seized a slipper and caught the bottom of an empty, inverted zinc bath a resounding smack.

Instantly B. C. was on his legs and seized my arm.



WASHING TANK AT BERBERA



STREET IN BERBERA

“Good heavens!” he exclaimed, “you will stampede all the camels.”

Which was quite true. Luckily, nothing happened.

It was beginning to get quite cool at night as we got higher. We moved off at 3.30 A.M. and halted at 9 A.M., the camels going better than yesterday afternoon. We met numbers of caravans going towards Berbera. S., instead of seeing to his department—viz. our messing and ordering breakfast—took to butterfly catching! We were to have started again at 2.30, but were delayed by the loss of one of the camels. It was not found till five, by which time it was too late to trek, so had to spend the night at this spot. We all enjoyed a most delicious bath at 6 P.M. in a stream with green, grass-covered banks.

July 27th.—Up and off at 4.10 A.M. Arrived about six at Lafarug—a small collection of huts by the side of a stream with excellent water. After breakfast we had musketry practice—men firing two rounds each at a bull’s eye 100 yards off. It was most successful.

Some of the men had been drilled before, but it was quite astonishing how well most of them took to the business. This was the camp at which Lord Wolverton had his musketry practice.

We marched again at 2 P.M. and arrived at our halting-place at 6 P.M.—about eighteen

miles to-day. The country was very pretty and mountainous.

I shot a small dik-dik, a species of antelope,¹ with the .303 rifle, for the pot, but when cooked for dinner it was tough and uneatable.

July 28th.—Moved camp at 4 A.M.—very cold in the early morning—and made our midday halt at Camp Addareh, a pretty spot on the edge of a river bed, with fairly big trees on either side. I tried a shot with Christie's 8-bore and was pleased to find that I could manage it. The caravan, as it started, was photographed by C.

We moved at 3 P.M. and arrived, Gamaat (graveyard), at 5.30 P.M.

At night we turned in. The sky was black and overcast. It looked like rain.

July 29th.—Moved camp at 3.40 A.M. "Outspanned" for morning rest at 8.45 A.M. The road ran along high ground. It was very cold in the early morning.

¹ According to Major Swayne these small antelope, one of the smallest of the antelope tribe, consist of several varieties, amongst which are :

Sakáro Guyo (Madoqua Swayne).

Sakáro Golass (Madoqua Phillipi).

Sakáro Gussuli (Madoqua Guentheri).

Somali name Sakáro.

Of the above varieties the Sakáro Guyo is the smallest, being about the size of a British hare.

Sakáro Gussuli, or Dr Günther's dik-dik, is larger and easily distinguishable by its Roman nose! It is more uncommon—at least, that was our experience.



BOY WITH PANTHER CUBS



STARVING WOMAN AT HARGEISA

We inspanned at 2.30 P.M., and camped for the night after our trek at 6 P.M., just in time to avoid a wetting. The sunset on the mountain, backed up by masses of inky black clouds, edged with bands of gold, was grand in the extreme.

July 30th.—Up at 2.45 A.M. and off at 3.45. It was so dark that we had to have a man in front with a lantern.

Our road passed through wild upland and over stony ground.

C. saw two ostriches and found fresh spoor of oryx. About 11 A.M. we descended to lower ground. I shot two dik-dik and missed some lesser bustard. We arrived at Hargaisa (which lies in a fertile plain, with high trees on river bank) at 1.30 P.M., after a very long trek of nine and three-quarter hours.

The camels were very done.

Temperature
3 P.M. 85°

At 5 P.M. a heavy storm broke over the camp. It commenced with large hailstones, as big as peas, and afterwards turned to rain.

I was nearly washed out of my tent.

Temperature in my tent fell (5 P.M.) to 71°. 5 P.M. 71°

We gave the men four sheep to feast on after their hard work. They finished the lot at a sitting.

July 31st.—Awoke at 6.30 A.M., after an excellent night's sleep. I felt very cold and found the temperature in my tent was 65°.

65°

The whole day was spent in making preparations for our journey across the *haud*. In preparing water for the tanks we found alum most useful. The water, when brought up from the well, was a deep yellow, but after stirring well with a lump of alum, tied up in a muslin bag, the whole of the sand was precipitated to the bottom, leaving the water quite clear. This was afterwards syphoned off into the camel tanks.

The blind son of Sheikh Meddir (called by some "Mattar") came to visit us in his father's absence. He brought us two sheep as a present and offered to take charge of any boxes we were leaving behind. I rather liked him at first, but at his second visit, in the evening, he commenced to beg—asked for all sorts of things: blankets, tea, tobacco, etc. He did not seem to fancy a Koran which we offered him, so we gave him ten rupees and a candlestick with a candle. He evidently did not seem satisfied.

We have a present for his father, but as the son seemed on the begging tack we determined to keep it till our return.

Temperature
2 P.M. 85°

We have been drying our kit all day from last night's storm. Rain came down again at 7 P.M.

We have had a long interview with a guide, and so far have determined to go first through Geri country (five days), from thence to Bourka, through Abaskul.



CAMP AT HARGEISA



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CAMP AT HARGEISA



August 1st.—Heavy rain during the night—very cold.

We could not start at 4 A.M., as arranged, owing to the camel-mats being wet. Struck camp at 11 A.M.

It was a bad start, as we could not get the camel-men to work.

We trekked till 11 P.M.—about 18 miles—through beautiful park-like land, covered with large trees and mimosa; most lovely.

In the morning, before leaving Hargaisa, I shot two dik-dik and some francolin. S. shot two guinea-fowl. We heard that before our arrival at Hargaisa there had been a small tribal war, which seems now to have subsided.

Temperature
8.45 P.M. 70°

We found a very large land tortoise, the shell of which I kept.

August 2nd.—After very little sleep, on account of the cold, we moved at 5 A.M. and trekked till 9 A.M. Stopped for midday halt at Sheum Redar (Dablohur). Our road ran through dense bush, in which there appeared to be no game.

“Inspanned” and off at 2 P.M. Before moving we dispatched home letters by a native policeman returning to Berbera.

The caravan halted at 5 P.M. at “Adunka,” the day’s march being about 18 miles.

Five miles or so from the camp the bush on

either side of the road became thinner, then only scattered scrub.

Through this country, well away from the caravan, I was carefully searching, when my shikári sighted some oryx—I think there were about three—500 to 600 yards off.

I shall never forget the thrill of excitement at this my first stalk after these grand antelope. Carefully creeping from bush to bush, we at length got within 250 yards. Here Nur Farrar told me I must take my shot, as it was impossible to get nearer from want of cover. So down I went on the knee, and aimed at the shoulder of one of the animals standing broadside to me.

I was perfectly steady, but, alas! the result of the shot was a clean miss. Probably I either over- or under-estimated the distance.

Looking round I found that the bushes had ceased, and that we were standing on the edge of an immense plain, flat as a billiard table; this I called the southern end of the Marar plain.

Almost immediately the shikári drew my attention to a group of oryx and several hartebeests. I at once decided to approach the former, as the latter animal, or rather a species of the same, I had already shot in South Africa.

Taking advantage of two small bushes, we kept these between ourselves and the game. Then commenced a most uncomfortable stalk. Our only possible way of getting near the animals

was by grovelling on all-fours and pushing oneself along on one's elbows. The ground was covered with prickly plants, but having been previously prepared for this, and given the "straight tip," I produced a pair of gloves—which I always carried in my pocket. The shikári's face, when he turned and saw what I was doing, was a study, and his thoughts would probably have run as follows :—

"What is this pale-faced idiot about, stopping at such a time to cover his hands? He is like a woman to mind a few scratches when game is in front."

However, I cared naught for the angry scowl he bestowed on me and continued breathlessly to wriggle onwards after my agile friend. Every good thing must come to an end, and at last, minus my hat, we reached the shelter of the two small bushes before-named.

Completely out of breath, scratched and torn, streaming with perspiration, I had to wait a few minutes to settle myself. We were about 300 yards, as I judged it, from the animals. At last I got on the knee, sighted for that distance, and fired.

Nur Farrar said the bullet went over the beast's neck. Anyway, it was a miss; likewise the left barrel as they cantered off.

So I sat down and "swore 'orrid," but quite to myself. Nobody heard me. I began to think I

was having pretty bad luck, on this my opening day in Somaliland. My gun-bearer and a camel-man then joined us, and we all tramped solemnly off towards camp. They evidently did not think much of me as a shot.

We had been walking in silence some time when my men "spotted" a large herd of oryx gazing at us, about 400 yards off. It was getting late. Without stopping, we gradually edged inwards till we must have been 300 yards from them. I had previously used my .500 Express, but I now took my .303 magazine rifle. Sighting for the above distance, I aimed at an animal standing out against the sky. The setting sun was straight in my eyes as I fired. Away went the herd. "Same luck," I dejectedly muttered, as I threw out the empty case and walked on. Suddenly my boys set off running, I after them, and there, about 200 yards away, we came on a splendid cow with a grand pair of horns. It was quite dead. Consequently my men, being strict Mohammedans, refused to take any of the meat for the camp.

I used the new split bullet, which appeared to be most effectual.

On my return to camp I found that B. C. had bagged a bull oryx, but S. had had no luck.

August 3rd.—Left Adunka camp at 5 A.M. and halted for midday rest at 10 A.M. Soon after

starting, the road left the Marar plain and passed through bushy country. Moved at 2 P.M. again through dense bush.

We halted for the night at Debeelie on the open uplands. Very cold. This has been an unlucky day for me. First I had an unsuccessful stalk after an oryx. Then my second horse fell sick at the side of the road, and we had hard work to get it into camp. Don't think he will live the night. Soon after starting—midday—my right eye began to pain very much, and I had to cover my face over with a coloured silk handkerchief. So I journeyed the whole afternoon, my pony being led by a syce. My crowning misfortune was to find that my boy, or the gun-bearer, or both of them, while holding my pony, had allowed my cape, which I valued so much, to slip off my saddle. They did not even notice it. Great piece of carelessness. I sent the camel-man and gun-bearer back to try to find it; in the meantime I was shivering with the cold. Arrived at our camp (Debeelie) at 5 P.M. About eighteen miles to-day. Just before our arrival we came across a poor native starving, and dying from thirst. He was taken into our zeriba and looked after. About 7 P.M. two camels arrived *en route* for Berbera from a Mr Brooke, shooting in the Harrawa Valley. He had one koodoo head, one rhino, some oryx, and other antelope. S. shot an oryx this morning.

August 4th.—Marched at 5.30 A.M. after a cold night. I could not get at the thermometer, but should say that it could not have been above 60°.

My second's horse's back has become so bad that he will not be fit to ride for a week. This is crushing luck, just as we are reaching the game country. There is no help for it, I shall have to tramp with the kafila and give up shooting. I saw three ostriches in the district, one crossed the road about 800 yards away, too far for a shot.

We halted for midday rest at Dallo. Soon after our arrival the men sent out returned with my cape, which to my great joy they had succeeded in finding.

B. C. appeared with a fine bull hartebeest, a grand head. S. was successful in bagging a good bull oryx. News came in that my sick pony had been left behind dying at the roadside. So I sent a man back with a rifle to shoot it. We marched again at 2.30 and left the caravan track, which in half-a-day would have brought us, so report said, to Herar. We altered our direction now to S.S.W., and made for the Jerard river. Camped at 5.30 P.M. at "Adunka Gerar." The country was scattered bush. A very likely-looking place for game. S. shot an aoul (Soemmering's Gazelle), and I passed a day-old spoor of a lioness.

August 5th.—Moved camp at 5.40 A.M., and soon came into thick bush.

Hadji Jama and Nur Farrar went off to some villages to find a guide. I remained with the caravan, and steered by the compass in a S.S.E. direction. At 8.30 A.M. I halted for midday rest and waited for news. The son of "Gerad," Sultan Abdullah (head of the tribe) came in to see us. We heard there were some lions about. At 1 P.M. a native came in and reported that he had seen an oryx killed by a panther. I borrowed C.'s pony and started off after it, but after going many miles the native who brought the news confessed that he had lost the track and could not find the place, so I gave it up and went after buck. I saw a very large herd of aoul and some oryx. About half-an-hour after I succeeded in bagging a very fine bull oryx with a good head. On the way home I heard at one of the villages that C. had come across the oryx killed by the panther, and was going to sit up over the "kill."

August 6th.—Spent the day at this camp, "Korrahō," waiting for news of lions. Very little game in this district—there are too many villages about. I tried to buy a horse. One or two were brought for me to look at, but ridiculous prices were asked, so I declined any of them.

The difficulty was ended by C. selling me his second horse, so I was once more set up.

“Gerad,” Sultan Abdullah paid us a visit, and was received by C. I did not interview him. A very old man, dressed in one of the coloured robes called *khaili*. He was given a chair, a cup of tea, and some biscuits, which seemed to please him.

In the evening a native brought in news that a lion with two young ones had killed a camel about 10 miles off. I did not believe the story, but C. and S. determined to start at 5.30 the next morning.

Very heavy rain in the evening and during the night.

August 7th.—A wet morning.

We roused at 5.30 A.M. The native who brought the news of the lion now said it was 30 miles off, so the idea of going after it was given up.

After a consultation we agreed to trek due south. The camel-mats were too wet to put on the camels’ backs, so here we stuck for the present.¹ C. determined to push ahead, and started off at

¹ These camel-mats, made of thick fibre, serve a double purpose. On the march they protect the camel’s back from heavy loads; when halted they are used to form huts or shelters. For this purpose four bamboos, about ten feet long, bent bow-shape, are used, two being carried on either side of the camel. The bamboos have sharp points at one end. These are stuck firmly into the ground thus :

.A	.B
	.E
.C	.D

The other ends of the bamboos are brought together overhead at the point E, and tied. The framework of the hut is then



SOMALI WOMEN AND HUTS MADE WITH CAMEL MATS



SOMALI WOMEN AND "HANS"

These women are taken for the purpose of *mending* the "hans," not for carrying water

8 A.M. with one camel and a small tent. After spending a weary morning the rain cleared off, and at 3 P.M. we were able to move camp. We gave orders to the guide to take the caravan due south, but owing to the broken ground he had to lead us S.S.W. We shall bend round south as soon as the country admits of our doing so. This looked a very likely place for game—hills and nullahs covered with bush and undergrowth. We arrived and commenced making zeriba at 5.40 P.M. A small native caravan attached itself to us for protection, as they were afraid of the Ogadens, whose country we shall soon enter.

Temperature
8.40 P.M. 61°
9 P.M. 57°

This place deserves its name, "Golder handlic" (cold place).

Writing in a thick flannel shirt, waistcoat and homespun cape I still feel cold.

August 8th.—Moved camp at 5.30 A.M. and marched till 8.45 A.M. The caravan halted on account of news of a lion or lions. Hadji Jama (the conductor or head man) informed me when I joined them that they had found a lesser koodoo, which appeared to have been only just killed, presumably by a lion. They brought the head

finished, and the camel-mats are simply thrown over. The whole operation is completed in about two minutes.

Curiously enough, I have seen exactly the same plan adopted in the Highlands of Scotland by gipsy tramps—bent sticks being substituted for bamboos and a piece of old tarpaulin for the camel-mat.

away. News having been sent to S., who was close by, he determined to have a zeríba made and to watch for the return of the beast. C. came in about 10.30 A.M., having shot an oryx and an aoul. I was exceedingly unlucky this morning on the march. Had two stalks after oryx, but failed to get a touch. Then I had an easy shot at a gerenook and hit it hard. We followed for about 3 miles, and had at last to give it up. I seemed in for a spell of bad luck.

To-night I am sitting up in a zeríba for lion, near a neighbouring village.

August 9th.—I arrived last evening at the village about 5.45 P.M.

Every man, woman and child seemed to have turned out to see me settle down. The ladies especially, who were congregated in a group by themselves, were much amused at my cork mattress and blankets being carried into the small zeríba. It was about 10 feet in diameter, and bushed up to about 9 feet. A little hole was made in the brushwood, through which one looked out on to the animal which was tied up—in this case, a donkey.

About 7.30 P.M., after what seemed some final chaff, they all cleared off. Nothing happened during the night, and at daylight I returned to camp.

Had some tea and a wash, and started out about

7.30 A.M. after buck. C. came in for a few minutes, and then started for a separate little camp he had made about five miles off. I commenced by stalking some oryx. Had a shot, but, owing to my shikári bothering me to fire before I could well see the beast, I missed. About an hour after I succeeded in shooting a bull oryx with indifferent horns. As we had no camel with us, and were very far from camp, we had to leave the meat, which seemed a great pity. I tried in some broken ground for small koodoo, but only saw one—a doe. Came across the tracks of an elephant and of a lion—the former old, months old, the latter almost fresh. I got back to camp about 1 P.M., very tired. Found S. had returned. He failed to see the lion last night, but shot an oryx this morning. C. sent in an oryx this afternoon. Also this afternoon, one of the sons of “Gerad,” Sultan Abdullah, Chief of the Ahmed Abdullah tribe, came in with a message. He said they had received news that 3000 Abyssinians were going to raid their country, right up to Hargaisa, and he had been sent to ask me to write and inform Lieutenant Cox, which I did, telling him to receive the news for what it was worth. They stated that the raid would take place in a few days. I was also requested to write a letter which the Sultan could show to any raiding Abyssinians. So I wrote on a piece of foolscap :

“This is to certify that ‘Gerad’ or ‘Sultan Abdullah,’ Chief of the Ahmed Abdullah tribe, to the best of my belief is or was under British Protection.”

This I placed in an official envelope “On H.M.S.” and gave to the bearer, hoping that it would be of service.

They said that if the Abyssinians saw anything connected with the English they would leave the matter alone. By the way news came in that the same “Ahmed Abdullah” people have attacked some of the Agadens—killed many and taken their cattle. I asked the Sultan’s son how they could expect to be protected, in their turn, if they went and raided other people, but he replied that was quite natural, as they were always enemies of the Agadens, and they were always fighting together. He seemed grateful for his letter, and departed.

A guide has been found who promises to take us to the Bourka country in six days.

Temperature
8.30 P.M. 61°

4.10 A.M. 52° bare
1 P.M. 82° in the shade;
103° in the sun
8.50 P.M. 68° a good skin.

August 10th.—We moved camp at 5 A.M. I went off to the right, and shortly afterwards shot a cow oryx, followed two hours later by a young bull koodoo, with only half-formed horns, but

We outspanned for midday rest at Worrah, a dense jungle with almost leafless tree bushes,

but on all sides hundreds of aloes in flower—some bright red, others yellow. I picked some flowers and pressed for E. We have now passed out of the long jungle-covered plain, which we entered on the 5th of August, and are ascending a ridge of hills. The view backward over miles and miles of country is very grand. Here the bush seems devoid of game. The ground in places was covered with the bones of hundreds of cattle that had died last year from some sickness.¹

C. joined us again. He sat up in his camp last night, and a lion came within 400 yards of him, but did not approach nearer. We trekked again at 2 P.M., and halted at 5 P.M. at Mindergdee Munjardee. This seemed a much more likely place for game. At about 8.45 A.M. we crossed the River Jerard.

August 11th.—Moved camp at 5 A.M. and stopped at Worralli at 7 A.M. Very short trek, but we halted on account of a well—simply a hole in the rock with water like ink. At 6.30 A.M. we ascended a ridge of hills and arrived on the other side (which was Worralli) at 7 A.M. We heard that from this point the direction of Milmil is between S.E. and E.S.E., and about 72 miles distant. *Temperature*
4.15 A.M. 54°

Moved on at 12 noon. I shot some partridges (three kinds), but there did not appear to be much

¹ Probably the rinderpest.

game at this spot. Passed the spoor of rhino about five days old, also the spoor of lion (yesterday). The country began to improve in appearance. Up to this point it had been black and bare-looking. High hills on either side, covered with leafless bushes. Now patches of lovely green appeared, which our ponies—poor beasts—seemed to appreciate. The valley widened and assumed a park-like appearance, with fine trees. This valley led down to the River Fafan.

At 4.45 P.M. we halted at Tumpso, and soon heard that there were rhino about—two were seen that day—also that a lion killed a child a few days ago at the village close by.

Temperature

8.30 P.M. 63°

5.45 A.M. 61°

1.30 P.M. 79°

August 12th.—We three drew straws for choice of direction. I got third place, unfortunately for myself. Started from camp about 6.30 A.M. My direction led away from the River Fafan. I found the spoor of rhino in a nullah, and followed them for some time, but after walking for three or four hours the shikári (Nur Farrar), my headman, said it was useless, as the nullah was too dry, so I returned to camp.

C. went down to the river to the left—S. to the right. The latter returned at 1 P.M., having been unsuccessful. At 2.15 P.M. C. returned with the good luck of having shot his first rhino, which he said was a fine specimen. After something to eat, he started with a camel, intending to spend



C.'S RHINO

the night out by the beast, and to return in the morning with the skin. S. and myself went out to two villages near where zeribas for lion had been made for us, my village being the one where the unfortunate child was killed by a lion a few nights ago.

August 13th.—Nothing came of sitting up last night.

On arriving at the zeriba I found a large bonfire burning 300 yards off, and was informed that it had been made by a party of Abyssinians just arrived to hunt rhino. The fire was most provoking, as it spoilt the little chance I had of seeing a lion. After returning to camp at daylight—and a wash and cup of chocolate—I went out again and soon came on the fresh tracks of lion. These we followed for some distance, after which we lost all trace in the long grass.

Next we came on fresh spoor of rhino, but the same result—we followed for three hours and finally gave it up.

Moved camp at 8.10 P.M., and outspanned at 5.30 P.M.—“Gollarbiah.” Just before arriving I again found fresh spoor of a rhino, but the noise of the caravan must have frightened the beast.

August 14th.—Moved camp at 5 A.M. and outspanned for morning halt at Berdiesa, having passed over the dried-up bed of the River Galdire.

We went through one valley which had acres of splendid green grass, with a background of lovely blue hills. But for the trees it might have been English meadowland. This we soon passed, however, and entered a hilly, sterile country, nothing but rocks and scattered bushes.

Moved again at 2 P.M., rode after a couple of aoul, but without success. Our route now wound round the head of a valley. We could see an immense plain at our feet stretching for miles, covered with dense bush. This we thought was the commencement of the Bourka country.

Halted for the night at 5.20 P.M. at Tentomee, by which time we had descended to the plain. I left the caravan at 4 P.M. and went after some gerenook. Killed two. I ought to have killed a third, but was unsteady from running. I used the '303 service rifle with the split bullet and found it most successful.

On returning to camp I heard that C. had shot a splendid bustard—28 lb.

Have been again unlucky with my horse (the one I bought from C.). I shall have to leave off riding him for two days to avoid a sore back. The other horse's back is also in a bad way. C. has taken it in hand and is going to treat it.

August 15th.—We started at 5.20 A.M. and marched for only one hour—about 6.30 A.M.—when we came to a good well cut out of the solid

rock—at least, the upper part was. It must have been made years and years ago.

We stayed here the best part of the day, waiting for S., whom we supposed at last to be lost. Lighted fires and fired shots, but without result.

We moved on at 4.30 P.M. and halted in an hour's time on a plain. We heard of rhino in all directions. It looked a likely game country.

S. turned up in camp about 7 P.M., having shot a fine bull lesser koodoo, with a good head. He had been for six hours on a rhino track without coming across him. Halting-place to-night is Anna Kooloo.

August 16th.—Again I was unlucky last night in drawing for places. I drew "third." As I did not think my "beat" worth trying, I remained in camp all day.

C. returned about 2 P.M., having been again successful in shooting a rhino. S. appeared about 5 P.M., not having fired a shot, nor had any chance.

Temperature
1.30 P.M. 88°
7.45 P.M. 72°
(in the tent)

August 17th.—At 6 A.M. we started, my shikáris and myself, and at 6.40 came on fresh spoor of rhino. We passed quite close to a herd of thirty oryx, but I did not fire for fear of disturbing the rhino. It was then, for the first time, I noticed the rhino birds, annoying little beasts, which flew ahead, uttering notes of alarm.

After tracking about ten minutes my gun-bearer, Moosa, stopped, crouched down, caught me by the wrist and pointed to a rhino feeding in an open grass patch about 100 yards off.

We went round and got behind him, then through some bushes succeeded in approaching within 50 yards.

Nur Farrar, the head shikári, handed me C.'s 8-bore, borrowed for the day. I fired at the shoulder, but hit low down. He turned and came in our direction, passing about 20 yards off, and as he went by I let him have the left barrel. The shot got home and, following, we found him lying down. It took another shot from the 8-bore and one from my .577 Express to finish him.

He proved to be an old bull. They told me his age was about seventy years! His horn was not very long—1 ft. 2 inches—but thick at the base—1 ft. 9 inches in circumference.

C. and S. were unsuccessful with rhino, but the former returned to camp about 4.30 P.M. with a cow oryx.

Temperature I went out in the afternoon round the camp and
8.20 P.M. 69° shot two guinea-fowl and one francolin.

4.30 A.M. 62° *August 18th.*—We moved camp at 5.5 A.M. and
(in tent) halted at 10 A.M. at Diggericleh. I went on the left of the road and saw nothing to speak of. C. went on the right and had an exciting adventure with a rhino. He had wounded it and was follow-

ing the beast up when it suddenly charged him from behind a bush.

He and his shikári succeeded in dodging, and the rhino retreated. They followed, and then discovered that S., who had stayed behind at the last camp, was following the tracks of the same wounded beast.

S. having overtaken it was also charged, but succeeded in finishing him with the 8-bore.

Our usual time for continuing the journey—viz. 2 P.M.—arrived, when Hadji Jama reported ten camels missing. A camel man who had been sent out to search for them came in with the report that they had been stolen by Midgans. I sent off Hadji Jama with six armed men in pursuit, with orders to bring in any prisoner they captured with his hands tied behind him. So off they started, but returned to camp about 5.30 P.M., having found the camels 10 miles away, going like “smoke” of their own accord. Something must have frightened them. So here we were stuck for the night. Dense bush all round, leafless trees, burnt-up grass and nothing to shoot.

August 19th.—Started from camp at 5 A.M. A most disappointing day. C. and self and the shikáris moved off in the direction pointed out by the guide, but after walking till 12 noon we halted—no sign of a caravan. About 2 P.M. the caravan guide appeared and took us off to where the morning

halt had taken place—about 4 miles to the S.W. Here we found a camel by a well named Doureedoufan.

We arrived at our camping ground, Habedleh, at 5.40 P.M.

Just as we were settling down a panther suddenly sprang into the zeríba amongst cooking pots and carried off two small kids. They were tied together by a string. In an instant they were gone—only a plaintive squeal. They were jolly little animals and were rather pets.

S. joined us this evening, having shot two more rhino to-day, making altogether for his score three. Of the two he shot to-day one was a cow, the other a nearly full grown bull.

The country in this place seemed quite burnt up—no grass to speak of. Looked very bad for our shooting prospects.

August 20th.—We decided to send a small caravan—about seven camels—into Berbera with our trophies. It was to return with rice, etc., so we had been busy in the morning writing letters for England.

C. had arranged to move on with his own camp and will rejoin us in two or three days.

Having finished my work I went out about 2 P.M., and after a very steep climb arrived on a flat plateau, which was the top of the ridge of hills overlooking our camp. Some distance ahead my

shikári spotted two zebras. These we stalked and came within 150 yards, but when my rifle was handed to me I could see nothing. Next moment there was a snort from behind the bushes, and away went the two zebras full speed.

I fired at the last, but missed.

We continued on for some considerable distance and then turned back towards our camp. A very "gamey" looking bird, something like a woodcock, got up close by me, so taking my gun I went after it, but without success. Nur Farrar complained of my using the gun, as it would frighten away big game.

In spite of his caution, however, I went after a lesser bustard, fired and missed.

The shikári came running up, handed me the Express, at the same time pointing to the top of the hill. Some zebras were in front. He set off, and after him I went, as hard as I could. Dense masses of thorn bush, and such awful thorns! Close to the top he pointed to a zebra, about 80 yards away. It was standing broadside on. There was still sufficient light to see well. Taking a steady shot I fired, hitting it hard. But the wounded beast cleared off with the remainder of the herd. We followed, and as we reached the outskirts of the bush saw the wounded animal going slowly on. To the right there was another of the herd and I fired, scoring a hit. The light was getting very bad. Still following, we again

came on the herd, and again I fired at a fresh zebra. In the gloaming it was most difficult to see the result, but moving on I found blood tracks and then came on the animal dead.¹

As I was standing there we saw a single zebra, just outside the bush. It was so dark I could hardly see my sights, but, as far as I could judge, drew a bead on the shoulder and fired. A miss, as I thought, but my shikári said otherwise. We went to the place and found another striped zebra had fallen.

Now we set to work, and by the help of two bonfires skinned both animals and brought their skins back to camp. Neither C. nor S. had been

Temperature

1.30 P.M. 96° successful.

10.10 P.M.
76°

(This is a most unusually late hour for me to be up !)

August 21st.—I started off about 5 A.M. to follow up the two wounded zebras. After some search we got on a blood track, and following it about one and a half miles we came on one of the zebras dead, at the side of the path. It proved the largest, measuring, when pegged out, 11 ft. 10 inches from the muzzle to the tip of the tail, and 6 ft. 10 inches in breadth.

We afterwards came on the track of the fourth animal, but after following a considerable distance we lost the blood mark and had to give it up.

¹ All zebras shot on this expedition were Grévy's Zebra.

I spent the remainder of the day in camp, making preparations for our small caravan of six camels to go back to Berbera with our heads and skins, etc.

News was brought that two lions (male and female) with six cubs had been marked down in a cave some distance from here. S. and myself intend the first thing to-morrow morning going out to see what truth there is in this report.

August 22nd.—We have been victims of a great sell. *Temperature*

5 A.M. 66°
12 noon. 92°
8.20 P.M. 75°

We started at 6 A.M. for the "cave" where the lions were supposed to be. Knowing it was a long distance off, we took S.'s lunch basket. Travelled for three and a half hours and then were told we were close to the spot. We dismounted, formed line and beat through some thick bush. The guide then suddenly stopped and pointed to a hole in the ground, which one could see at once was apparently a hyæna earth, and this it proved to be. Our shikári nearly set on the unfortunate guide. All were naturally furious at being brought on such a fool's errand.

After eating our lunch we returned to camp. I saw some zebras, but could not get a shot.

In the afternoon I strolled out of camp to try and shoot something for the pot. Killed three guinea-fowl and one francolin. Our caravan for Berbera starts to-morrow morning. It had been

detained on account of the zebra skins not being dry enough to pack. We have given instructions to the camel men to return *via* Hargaisa and Milmil to Burderhallee and await a message from us.

Temperature

5.30 A.M. 62°

1 P.M. 96°

8 P.M. 80°

August 23rd.—Last night, just as I was finishing the above, a very heavy downpour of rain suddenly came on. Just time to bolt into the tent, leaving many things on the table. Our kit was thrown anyhow into the same tent, everything mixed up, and we spent the night in the greatest discomfort. My pillow was drenched through. In the morning, when putting my boots on, I found them full of sand. Before marching, we saw our small kafila off for Berbera, and reckon on seeing them return about the 20th of September.

We moved camp at 5.50 A.M. and marched till 10.30 A.M., when we halted at Dargato. I was lucky on the march. S. and myself got off our ponies to shoot some partridge. The noise of S.'s gun disturbed some zebras. My shikári ran up with my rifle. I fired and succeeded in bagging the bull, but it took me four shots to finish him. The remainder, an old cow with two young ones, we did not follow, as I wished to leave them alone.

We continued our march at 1.50. In the afternoon I was again fortunate. We were going along a game path when our guide suddenly stopped

and pointed to a zebra about 70 yards off, staring at us. He confidently allowed me to dismount, take my rifle from the shikári and fire. He dropped dead on the spot and proved to be an old bull. About 4 P.M. we commenced a very steep ascent out of the valley and camped, 5.30 P.M., at Dedeeto, a plateau covered with bush.

At Dargato we crossed the river of that name, said to flow from Herar into the Webbe. All this valley appeared to be inundated during the rain. *Temperature* 3.50 P.M. 74°

August 24th.—Moved camp at 5 A.M. The path ran through thick bush. Passed a large village on the right about 7 A.M. We descended into the valley of Effardee and camped at 8.15 A.M. News came from the above village that a lion killed a camel two days ago within a few hundred yards of this spot—that is why we stopped.

While the zeríba was being formed I went with the shikári to see the place of the “kill,” and to my surprise found that C. had been there before us, evidently sitting up last night in a newly made zeríba. He had gone off again, we heard, in another direction. This is the spot at which we had agreed to meet, so there was nothing for it but to remain here.

About noon news came that a lion had killed a zebra a short distance off. We tossed for choice and S. won. He started to try a zeríba to-night

over the "kill," and I am going to sit up where C. made his zeríba.

August 25th.—Just a month since we left Berbera.

No result from my sitting up last night. Returned to camp soon after daybreak. S. followed later. He had gone to the place where the zebra had been killed (which, by the way, had been shot by C.), and found C. had already made a zeríba there, so he moved about a mile off, with no result.

We decided, during the course of the morning, each to set off in different directions with a flying camp. I elected to go S.S.W.; S. to move N.W. I started at 12 noon, with six camels and provisions for one week. Just before leaving C. appeared. He told us that his donkey was killed last night by a lion or lions. It was so dark that he could not see to fire, but aimed at what he thought was the lion, fired, and by mistake let off both barrels of his 8-bore. He was knocked backwards into the zeríba. There was a low growl. His shikáris said the beast was hit. When daylight broke they found blood spoor, which they tracked, and soon discovered that it divided into two paths, showing that two lions had been hit. When C. was relating this to us they had already tracked one spoor 500 yards, the other one and a half miles, without success.



OURSELVES AND THE WHOLE OF OUR CAMP FOLLOWERS

C. was going back to have another try for the wounded beasts. We heard that Capt. P., R.A., is in our front at Turfo—also that the large kafilā of Mr Donaldson Smith and Duella Idris has just gone through before us.

I tracked S.S.W. down the dry bed of a river—pools of water in places. About twelve miles down we met two camel men and our guide, who had been sent away from the caravan yesterday to Turfo for news. They reported that there was game there, elephants having been seen yesterday. (Wish my 8-bore would arrive.) They also stated that Capt. P. left last night on his homeward journey straight to Berbera. That being so, I changed my direction W. by S. and intend sweeping round to the left towards Waldiah.

August 26th.—Moved camp at 5 A.M. and halted about 9 A.M., as we found S.'s kafilā just in front of us. Soon after I received a note from him. He thought I was following his route, but I wrote back and explained that I was bending round to the south and should leave him on my right. Started again at 12 noon through dense bush. Most uninteresting, hardly a living thing to be seen except a few dik-dik. Altered my course south-west, so as not to clash with S., and about 2.30 P.M. came to the edge of the descent into the Turfo nullah. Very disappointed with the look of it; the whole jungle seemed dried up. Beyond,

as far as one could see, stretched a long plain, covered with bush and called Erard country—said to be without game. We soon struck the nullah and found a zeriba newly made by P. over a water hole.¹ With the exception of an elephant track of yesterday, we met with hardly any trace of game, so we determined to leave the Turfo nullah and march in a direction between E.S.E. and S.E. for Jerello, which we hoped to reach in two days.

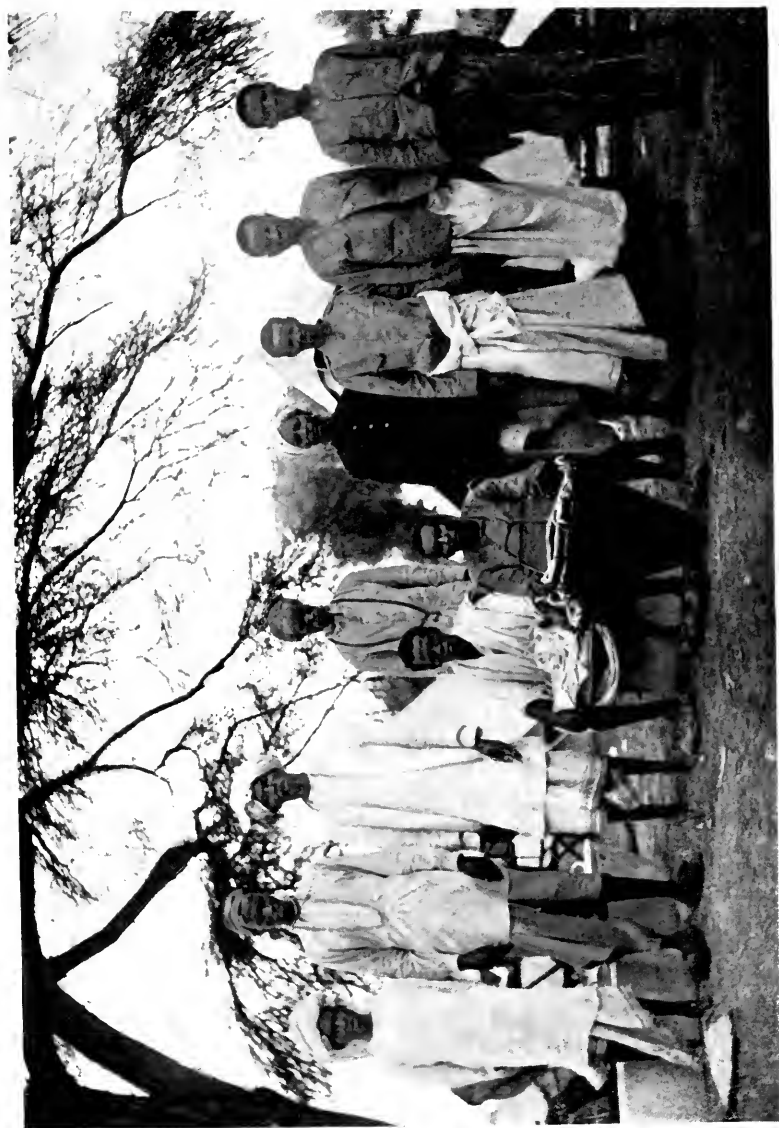
I have just been told that P. has gone to Wal-diah, which is rather annoying, as it was the point we intended to make for.

We camped for the night at 4.20 P.M. at a place called Jellahwaddie.

August 27th.—Started kafila at 4.50 A.M. and halted in thick bush for midday rest at 9.50 A.M. The bush appeared to be utterly devoid of game, except dik-dik and lesser bustard. I shot one of the former for food, as I have been subsisting too much on tinned provisions. I cannot shoot a lesser bustard—have tried, but they always get the better of me.

We started again at 2.20 P.M. and in half-an-hour came to the edge of Effardee nullah. Very good view of the nullah from this spot. Far away in the distance northwards I thought I could make

¹ This was Donaldson Smith's zeriba, as I afterwards discovered. It is so marked on my map.



OUR PERSONAL ATTENDANTS AND SHIKARIS

out with my glasses the smoke of our big caravan. We commenced the descent, which, owing to its steepness, was one of the most troublesome I have seen attempted by camels. Indeed, they utterly refused to face it at first. In about three-quarters of an hour we were at the bottom and reached the bed of the stream soon after. I was at once attracted by loud cries, and on going to the spot found a boy, about twelve years old, streaming with blood from a bad cut in his head. He said it had been done by some strange camel men—for no reason, according to his account. I had the wound washed and put some Holloway's Ointment on it.

We crossed to the other side, and in some bushes close to the nullah shot a cow koodoo. There were about five of them; no bull, worse luck! I record the killing of the cow without shame, as it was a necessity. My men had had no meat for a week, and as this was the first chance of fresh meat I took it. As I was going up to the beast I had shot two other cows stood and looked at me, about 60 yards off. I could easily have knocked them both over. The camel men now came and reported that they had found at a water-hole, or rather a large pool, the marks of two lions and about four rhino, so we determined to stop here and make a small shooting zeriba close to the pool. To-night I intended tying up a donkey outside our "Laager."

Temperature
1 P.M. 89°

August 28th.—Nothing came of our “tie-up” last night. About 5 A.M. I heard, about a mile off, a shot fired. Next minute there was a perfect fusillade. We counted twelve shots. I heard afterwards that Capt. P. was in camp close by. He had a “kill” last night, fired two shots about 2 A.M. which wounded the lion. The shots we heard were the finishing of the beast after they had followed it up.

I started with my camp (as it was no use staying where I was) at 11.30 A.M. and camped on the plateau above Effardee at 5.30 P.M. Thick bush, but looked more promising for sport than where we had come from. An unlucky afternoon for me. First, I missed an easy shot at a gerenuk—couldn't see it well for the thick bush. Shortly after I got an easy chance at an oryx, with a very good pair of horns. I hit the animal, but too far back. We tracked it by the blood for two or three miles and at last had to give up. The name of this camp is Hanzerah. Two notes brought in from C. and S. So far they have been unsuccessful.

August 29th.—Moved camp at 5.20 A.M. and arrived at the plain in Derello Valley about 8.30 A.M. The plain was covered with green trees, some large. It looked a very likely locality for game. We soon discovered lion tracks on the pathway, the spoor of four (one very large) of the night previous. Near the river we sighted a small

bull koodoo; unfortunately we missed it in the thick bush. I went down to the river and again found the four tracks of lion. There was running water in places and lots of it. We were quite delighted to see it again. The valley was full of herds of camel, which were being watered at the river. We formed a zeriba for our camp close to the stream. Also a small "game zeriba" at the watering-place. Unfortunately, there was no moon.

Temperature
2.15 P.M. 95°
(tent shade)

I heard last night from C. that he is going one and a half days' march N.N.W. of Effardee to a place called Koraiyo. This valley was reported to be full of lion, elephant and hartebeest.

August 30th.—No result to my sitting up last night.

Got back to camp about 5 A.M., and after a short sleep Nur Farrar came to tell me they had found the fresh track of rhino, so I started off. As soon as we came on the spoor I found there were two—one not fully grown, but I did not imagine it as small as it afterwards proved to be.

Whilst tracking the beast I passed a zebra, about 60 yards off—did not fire on account of disturbing the rhino—very lucky I did not as it turned out.

After following the spoor about half-an-hour we sighted the rhinos and succeeded in getting up to them. About 40 yards off, Nur Farrar

handed me my '577. Last night I was reading *Big Game* of the Badminton Library. An old veteran shikári, Mr Cotton Oswell, advocates shooting rhino always in a sitting or kneeling position, as the bullet is more on a level and more likely to pass through both lungs. Acting on this advice, I aimed for the middle of the shoulder and fired. Result was, I knocked the beast clean over—legs in the air. I thought at first it was quite dead, but it recovered, and staggered towards us. Three more shots were required to finish it. During this time the second rhino—which I much regretted to see, when too late, was but quite a youngster—was running round the parent, a cow. Its half-grown horn, on its funny little face, gave it a most quaint appearance. Naturally, I was sorry then for having shot the mother. However, it was quite old enough to take care of itself. We drove it away with stones. The horns of the cow measured 1 foot 2 inches—not very long, but in good condition.

I intend going out again this evening to sit up for the lion.

Temperature
5.30 A.M. 72°
2 P.M. 95°
(tent shade)

The heat in this nullah is greater than we have yet experienced—at least, I seem to feel it more.

6 A.M. 71°
2 P.M. 95°
(tent shade)

August 31st.—Was unsuccessful again last night. Returned to camp about 5 A.M., and after a sleep and some breakfast went out shooting. A few miles from camp I suddenly came on another

shikar party, one, a sahib, proved to be Captain P. We had a long talk. He told me that the lion which I heard him shoot the other morning had given him rather an exciting time. After being wounded, it three times charged the zeriba. He said also that he had followed elephant right into the Galla country—had wounded two, but they had both got away. His present intention was to go to a place near Milmil—a good place for koodoo. P. regretted having come into my valley, but promised to move on the next day. Unfortunately, he had broken one of the hammers of his .577, and had only a 10-bore by a city maker (an indifferent weapon) left to shoot with.

In the afternoon I went out again, and shot some guinea-fowl. The place simply swarmed with them. I saw nothing else, however, except two cow koodoo in the distance.

September 1st.—Again last night after sitting up no lion came near my zeriba. My fourth night—am getting rather sick of this work.

About 2 A.M. a sharp shower added to my discomfort; however, I managed to keep the rifles dry. After a sleep, went out again, but was unsuccessful.

This place has proved another failure bar the rhino which I shot.

September 2nd.—My fifth night in the game zeriba—again without success.

Temperature

5 A.M. 79°

2 P.M. 92°

(tent shade)

5.15 P.M. 87°

On daylight breaking I discovered that white ants had eaten holes in my waterproof. After a wash, and a cup of chocolate, I started off up the valley, and at the end of two hours' walk came to the place where P. had made his zeríba, and finding that he had moved, also that there was no game left in the valley, I determined to rejoin the head kafilá.

Sent back for our camp to join us. We sat for hours under a tree trying to get some shade. It was roasting hot. About 12 noon the camels arrived. At 2 P.M. we started off in a N.N.W. direction, and after about two hours' ascent again got on the high plateau covered with stones, rocks, leafless bushes and scanty patches of dry grass. Where the game had gone was a mystery. We stopped for the night at 5 P.M. at Bolad. While waiting for the caravan this morning I went about trying to get some birds for my collection.

September 3rd.—Moved camp at 5 A.M. The camels halted for midday rest about 10 A.M. About 8 A.M., while stalking a gerenook, we suddenly came on an old rhino. As he rushed past me I fired a snapshot at his shoulder, and knew I had hit. We followed for over a mile, and then came on him rolling. Off he went again, but deep blood tracks now showed, and soon we overtook him, standing quite still. I fired at the centre of the shoulder, and this time on the “near

side." The shot bowled him over. We found he was a very old bull. They said his age might be a hundred! His horn measurements—length, 1 ft. $4\frac{3}{4}$ in.; round base, 1 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.

The news of the "kill" seemed soon to get abroad, for natives from neighbouring villages began to arrive. Before we left, which was not for some hours, as we had to wait for a camel from the kaila, there were at least thirty persons taking meat from the carcass.

Somewhat exhausted, I had fallen asleep, when I awoke suddenly, just in time to see an old woman about to dash down a large rock on to the rhino's head to break the horns and jaw, in order to extract the fatty substance inside the horn and to get at the tongue.

With a shout I was up and at her.

She fled, and I somewhat forcibly cautioned the shikáris to keep a more careful look-out that the trophies were not damaged.

Just before reaching headquarter camp, at Effardee, I received letters from S. and C. The former had been after a large lion which killed a gum-picker. The animal stampeded his camels after catching one and letting it go again. Two camels were missing. It then killed a donkey. S. had a game zeríba made. Again it came. S. fired and hit it on the neck, but unfortunately it was not a vital wound and the lion got away.

C. had found a good district for elephant—

Koraiyo.¹ He thinks I had better join him, which I am going to do. We shall start with a headquarter camp at 2 P.M. to-morrow. C. has killed two bull elephants, one gerenook and two zebras. S. has shot one zebra, one gerenook, one spotted hyæna and one wild cat. He is now going to join C. at Koraiyo. We moved out with my kafilâ at 2 P.M., and the camels arrived at 6.30 P.M. at the headquarter camp. Found on my arrival everything going on smoothly. Still no news of my big rifle !

September 4th.—Moved the camp with headquarters at 1.15 P.M. *en route* for Koraiyo. In about one and a half hours we got up on the plateau overlooking Effardee Valley, and the track led through dense bush. No game except dik-dik and lesser bustard—shot one of the former for dinner. Stopped for the night at 5.15 P.M. at Egorie.

Temperature
(tent shade)
12 noon 88°

September 5th.—Moved camp at 5.10 A.M., travelling N.W.

I went on some way in front of the caravan. First stalked two zebras. Shot at one and missed clean. Next I came on an oryx, which I stalked, but did not succeed in getting near enough for a

¹ To the best of my belief, we were the first white people to enter Koraiyo Valley. Indeed, when I took my sketch map to the map-room of the Royal Geographical Society they immediately pointed it out as some fresh ground.



C.'s ELEPHANT

shot. Soon after we heard branches being broken in a nullah and discovered a rhino. The bush was very thick. I got within fifteen to twenty yards, and could see the beast looking at me over the bushes, but could not get a shot behind the shoulder. He then took fright and bolted, but did not go far. We came on him again, some distance away, looking straight at us—the whole body exposed. I aimed at the point of the off shoulder and fired. The rhino spun right round. He rushed off, crossed the nullah, and went along the opposite bank. We followed, and when about level with him I fired again. The shot brought him down. I then went up and finished him with a third shot.

He was a bull. Horn measurements—1 ft. 4 in. in length; 1 ft. 4½ in. round the base.

Whilst standing by watching the animal's horns and skin being cut off, "Eggie," C.'s boy, appeared—told me he had orders to move straight for Effardee to join the headquarters and that C. was following. He was at present after a wounded rhino. That being so, I stopped his camels and made him come with me. We moved about two miles further on and then halted—about 9 A.M. I sent a message to C., who turned up about 12 noon, having been unsuccessful in finding his wounded rhino, but his shikáris shortly appeared with a lesser koodoo head. C. and myself had a long powpow and arranged

plans. He had left Koraiyo Valley for S. and myself. I was to join S. the next day at Eldare. C. was to head towards Milmil with the main caravan and there meet the camels we had sent to Berbera for stores. I was taking four days' stores for my men and ten days' for S., which we shall have to share.

Mahomed, my boy, was taken very ill to-day. He was too ill to be moved and I had to leave him with C. to look after. "Eggie," C.'s boy, has come on with me. We shall rendezvous, if all is well, at Milmil about 26th September.

I left C. and moved off with my kafila at 5 P.M., and at 6.30 P.M. we stopped for the night at a place Muligero, which is where S. got his shot at the lion. I have "tied up." There is a good zeriba with a small game zeriba off it just behind the table I am writing on.

September 6th.—Left Muligero at 5 A.M. to join S.'s camp. Eldare is in the country which used to be inhabited by a tribe called "Haweha." At one time they owned immense flocks of cattle, but a few years previous to this date a disease had swept these off in hundreds, leaving the tribe destitute.

The three guides in our camp were amongst the few representatives left.

I arrived at Eldare about 12 noon, having shot a zebra on the way. Very pleased to meet S.

again. We moved off at 1 P.M. and arrived at Laidee—on the edge of the Koraiyo Valley—at 5 P.M. We had C.'s 8-bore, which we are going to use in turn. S. is going out to-morrow. We arrived at the crest of the hill or plateau overlooking Koraiyo Valley at about 4 P.M. Could see a vast plain stretching for miles at our feet. C. reported that this was a real hunter's paradise, full of elephant—a virgin valley—never before entered by white man. That was his report. Appearances were certainly good. The country was perfectly different from Jerello and the direction south, where we had been. Here the hills were covered with beautiful fresh green grass, bushes were coming out into leaf, and these same young leaves are much fancied by the elephants.

Close to where we were standing, on the top of the hill, was a muddy pool, where the elephants had recently been drinking. The trunk of a tree alongside was covered with mud, left by some animal who had been rubbing himself. Water was abundant—we passed several wells all with excellent clear water. As before stated, owing to the Haweha tribe having almost ceased to exist—many having died or dispersed—the country about here was entirely uninhabited for miles.

August 7th.—About 10 A.M. this morning S., who had started early, sent back word to camp

that he had passed no fresh track, and that it was waste of time staying where the camp was, so at 12.15 noon I moved for a place called Helenadur farther up the valley—nearly north.

We arrived at 4.30 P.M. On the way we passed the fresh spoor of an elephant and found a spot of blood. The shikári said the animal had gone right away a long distance, that the blood was caused by a wound from the tree, but my belief is that it was the wounded elephant which C. lost. We arrived at this place, Helenadur, at 4.30 P.M. Bush very thick—very bad going for the camels, as the country was broken up by nullahs. S. turned up just before we reached our camping ground—having seen nothing. He reported water abundant everywhere. To the westward a large mountain was visible about thirty miles off in the Galla country. The guide called it “Mouldatta.”

September 8th.—Out after elephant at 5 A.M., but was unsuccessful. They had moved higher up the valley. The first part of the jungle passed through was called Bourga Abba, and is one of the prettiest spots we have seen in Somaliland. A deep gorge. On one hand a nearly precipitous cliff covered with bush and scrub. On the other the sloping side of a mountain. Below, a rocky stream, with deep pools; abundant green grass everywhere.

The place was teeming with small game, any number of partridge and guinea-fowl. For the first time I saw a variety of different flowers, amongst which was a small blue one, the colour of a gentian, and a climbing plant, which covered the bushes. It had a bright red bloom, something like a red plumbago.

Elephant tracks were numerous.

In climbing out of the gorge and following the elephants' spoor we came to a very steep ascent, and it was astonishing to see what places an elephant could get up.

Looking down again into the valley, I was struck with the level, broad, and smooth path running alongside the stream.

It was the track made by generations of elephants.

September 9th.—Toommadicsa. Moved here, eight miles, at 5.30 A.M. *Temperature*
3 P.M. 85°
(tent shade)

About 200 yards from our old camp we passed a tree smeared with wet mud from an elephant, a sign that one had passed during the night. S. tracked it for some distance and found that it was a cow with a young one. 8.30 P.M. 64°

September 10th.—Moved camp to Moolee.

Soon after our arrival at 7.30 A.M. we were off after elephant. It was my turn to use the 8-bore, and we had not proceeded far before fresh

tracks were found. These we followed for a couple of hours, and then knew by the spoor that we were close to our quarry. They were soon sighted. I went ahead with Nur Farrar and we crept to within thirty yards.

I was on the point of firing at one; but on referring to the shikári he told me that it was a cow.

The next instant there was a shrill trumpet scream and the beast charged. Away we went down a game path and the elephant, having pursued about forty yards, returned to the herd.

After waiting several minutes we crept back. Again the beast saw us, and again she charged, but this time only for a short distance.

We had now discovered that the herd consisted of twelve cows and twelve young. This no doubt accounted for their savage humour. There were no bulls, so I declined to fire, as we had given our promise before starting not to shoot cows.

The cow has a much thinner tusk than the bull.

I returned to camp, very tired and disheartened. We had been out nearly twelve hours.

A letter had just come from C., asking us to join him as soon as possible, as he had heard from Captain P. that his small native boy had been murdered by Somalis and urging us to join forces with him in punishing the guilty village.

We had intended to move as soon as we could, but S. and myself both agreed that we could not reasonably be expected to leave a place full of elephant until we had shot at least one. Much to my regret, I lost my compass to-day.

Temperature
9.45 P.M. 70°

September 11th.—Started out shooting at 6 A.M. It was S.'s turn for the 8-bore. Heavy rain fell at 2 A.M., so spoor was easily seen. About 9 A.M. we came upon fresh tracks of two elephants, but after following a very short time, my shikáris stupidly lost S. and his men. Nur Farrar came rushing up to me, almost immediately, and said there was an elephant in the bush to the left, but as we had only a magazine rifle with us—and especially as it was S.'s first shot—I declined to go after it, and insisted on them finding S.'s tracks, which they did after some delay.

We were hurrying after him when we heard a shot, quickly followed by another. My men began to double. I went after them as fast as I could, but after running about 200 yards had to break into a walk. When I came up to S. I found he had had the good fortune to bring down an elephant. The animal was close alongside me as I stepped into the open, not quite dead, but S. finished him with a shot in the head from his .303 carbine. It was a bull, with one good tusk and one broken. Measurements—height from heel to withers—measured between

uprights—9 ft. 3 in. Length from tip of trunk to the tip of the tail, 23 ft. Trunk, 7 ft. 9 in. Circumference of near fore-foot, 53¹/₂ in., circumference near hind, 49 in.

Nur Farrar now reported that he had found the fresh track of another, about half-a-mile to the right, so at 10 A.M.—after taking the 8-bore and my .577 from S.—I started off. I shall never forget that track, as it was one of the hardest tramps I ever had. We followed the spoor of the animal for three and a half hours, till I was completely exhausted. My gun-bearer, Moosa, had left my water-bottle behind with the syce and pony. Twice we came in sight of the beast, each time the shikáris ran on in front. I was so “done” that, by the time I came up, the animal was off again. The elephant was evidently alarmed by the firing in the morning. The first time we sighted him I think I might have got a long shot had I been immediately behind Nur Farrar, who was carrying the 8-bore. About 1.30 P.M. the shikáris—well ahead, as usual—beckoned me frantically to come on, as the animal was just in front, although they could not see it, but by this time I was utterly exhausted and could hardly stand. The heat was very great. Just then my syce and pony were discovered close behind. They came up. I had a drink of water and mounted my pony—so tired I could hardly sit in the saddle. We followed the spoor

for two or three miles further, and then the shikáris said it was useless going on, as the beast had gone clear away over a hill in front of us; so after a rest and some lunch I returned to camp about 4.30 P.M.

September 12th.—While S. started off at 6 A.M. *Temperature* to see after his elephant tusks and teeth being 6.30 A.M. 64° cut out, I went off in search of fresh spoor, but 2.30 P.M. 91° (tent shade) it was quite useless. We tried a wide beat in a 9 P.M. 72. new direction, but I could see Nur Farrar considered it useless, so we returned to camp about 12.30, after going through some of the densest jungle I have come across yet. After lunch I started off again in another direction, but with the same result.

S.'s tusks measure—4 ft. 1½ in., the longest. The other was broken and quite short.

September 13th.—I started out from camp at 6 A.M. with my shikári. S. moved the camp at 6 A.M. 68° twenty minutes to nine, and trekked on without 1.30 P.M. 94° stopping till 4.10 P.M., about seven and a half hours.

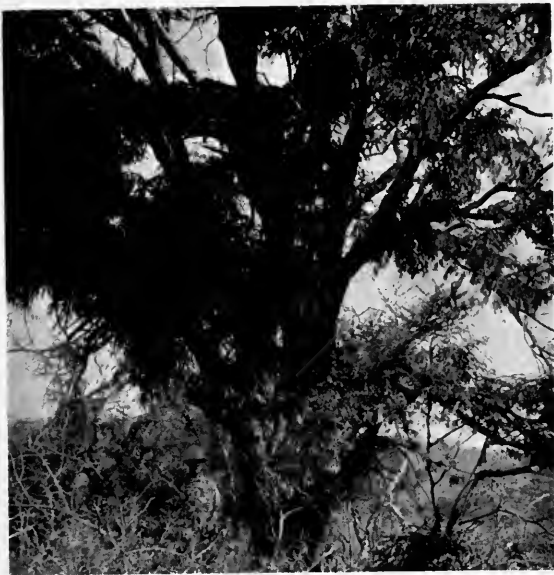
The place at which we “outspanned” for the night is Wezah. I worked round to the left in a semicircle, covering many miles of country, passing through a place called Waldiserdee. All we found were the tracks of four or five elephants of the previous night. Amongst the spoor I noticed that of some young ones, so I did not

think it worth while following. I passed through some awful jungle, and my clothes are being rapidly torn to pieces.

I rejoined the *kafila* just before they reached the camping ground. Sent out Nur Farrar and one of the guides to examine the ground in the neighbourhood of the camp, but they reported no fresh tracks, so I am afraid I must give up all hope of getting an elephant. Feirk Hill away to the right—about ten or twelve miles. Hargaisa Hill to our right front.

September 14th.—Moved camp at 5 A.M., and stopped for midday halt at 9.15 A.M. I went on the left, S. on the right. I saw a good oryx, but failed to get a shot. About 9 A.M. I came on a single oryx, which I successfully stalked. I shot it with the magazine rifle, using the split bullet. The shot struck the point of the shoulder and dropped the beast in its tracks about 160 yards. Horn measurement— $32\frac{1}{2}$ in. It was a bull.

While we were having our midday rest a policeman from Berbera arrived with my 8-bore rifle and an English mail. Was delighted to get some home letters. Also a line from C. to say that this headman, "Ali," had moved with all his cattle and natives to Eldare on account of some dispute with Abyssinians. C. seemed to imply that they had given up all idea of getting satisfaction on account of the murder of the



SHELTER FROM LIONS PUT UP BY GUM-PICKERS



TOTAL BAG LAID OUT IN FRONT OF CAMP AT BERBERA

native boy. We were now just on the edge of Dargato Valley. Saw some oryx in the afternoon, but failed to get a shot. At the midday halt we paid off the two guides, the old man and the young of the Haweha tribe, who have been with us to show elephant in the Koraiyo Valley. On the march in the afternoon I came across a rocky nullah in the side of which was a large cave. About twenty of the above tribe (or rather the remains of it) were living here—men, women and children. It quite reminded me of the old days of hunting Galekas in the Peri Bush. I gave the men some tobacco, with which they seemed pleased.

September 15th.—We struck camp at 5 A.M., and after travelling five hours, through dense bush and dried-up grass, we stopped in the country of Dargato Valley for midday rest. After leaving camp we came in an hour's time to the edge of the crest, and commenced our descent into the Dargato Valley through dense bush. Saw some gerenook, but could not get a shot. We started again at 1.30 P.M. S. on the right, myself on the left. At the commencement we saw a good many oryx, but failed to approach them. Later on, S. succeeded in getting near a small herd and bagged three—all cows—one with a peculiar crumpled horn, quite a curiosity. Late in the afternoon I shot a gerenook with good horns

—magazine rifle, about 160 yards, could only see the top of the shoulder. This morning, S.'s men killed a large snake, which they called "*abur*." It measured 9 ft. 6 in. The natives said it was very poisonous, and a bite would mean death in about two hours. The poison is used by the Midgans for dressing their arrows. The *kafila* did not reach the camping ground till 6.30 P.M. This is the longest day's march we have had—about nine and a half hours, which we calculate is about $19\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

September 16th.—Started camp at 5 A.M. and marched for headquarter camp at Kora Abdullah, where the *kafila* arrived at 11.30 A.M. Here we found C. and Captain P. The former killed a panther last night from this *zeríba*. I am going to-morrow with the latter to interview the brother of "Ali," the Chief, who murdered P.'s boy. Ali himself, we heard, had been taken prisoner by the Abyssinians on account of some private quarrel. This rather simplified matters.

B., C. and S. will probably leave to-morrow for some place near Milmil. We are to rendezvous at that place in about ten days. Have been busy this evening writing English letters, as I shall send the policeman who brought my rifle back to Berbera to-morrow with our mail.

September 17th.—This morning, early, news came into camp that C. had shot a male lion.

He turned up about 7 A.M. with the skin, and we all congratulated him most heartily, as this is the first one for the expedition. He got both lion and panther over the same "kill"—also shot two hyænas last night.

I spent the morning collecting my stores, etc., and at 2 P.M. marched with P. for Suggug. I have taken eleven armed men, P. eleven also, so that, with ourselves, we shall be twenty-four rifles, which ought to be sufficient if this native village shows signs of giving trouble. A report has come in that the headman—Ali's brother—whom we are going to interview, hearing of our visit, had bolted off. Our kafila arrived here, Safkag, at 5.30 P.M., and halted for the night. Our road is along the dry bed of the River Silool. Good water-holes in places. Before leaving head-quarter camp I handed over my packet of English letters to the policeman from Berbera. He is to take them to Cox, and will start to-morrow morning.

September 18th.—Marched at 5 A.M., our road as before leading along the bed of the River Silool. We arrived at Suggug at 9.45 A.M., and in about twenty minutes started off with all the rifles we could muster (except three left to guard camels and camp) to the *caria* of Ali. On approaching within a few hundred yards, we found there were two villages. Two shikâris

were sent out on either flank to give us warning if the natives were collecting in any number. They signalled "all clear," so we advanced. Passing the first village, we proceeded to the second, where Ali's tent was easily distinguishable from being so much larger than the rest. At first the whole place appeared to be quite deserted, but two of our men dived into Ali's tent and pulled out an old man who thought his last hour had come. He swore he knew nothing about the murder, and was not there at the time. We succeeded in quieting him at last, and gave him our message to the tribe, which he said he would make known—namely, "that Ali being the murderer he was the one we wanted, but that as he had been taken prisoner by the Abyssinians our quarrel was not so much with the remainder of the tribe. That this affair had been reported to Berbera, and the matter was now out of our hands."

We then went to the first village. Here we found about six or eight men collected, or rather seated on the ground, two of our men standing sentries over them. On going up, we asked which was the head man, and one, an oldish man, answered. His manner appeared to me very casual and somewhat impertinent. I ordered him to stand up, and this somewhat changed his tone. He knew nothing of the murder, he said, and was away at the time with a bad leg. But

this statement seemed rather too "thin" to be believed. On further investigation it was stated by some others that this same man was one of the five whom Ali consulted before he murdered the boy, but whether this man advised Ali for or against killing the lad there was no evidence to prove—not enough anyway to justify us in taking him prisoner.

We returned to camp about 11 A.M., and I spent the rest of the day about the camp. Shot rather a curious bird just outside—the first I have seen. I think by the long-curved beak it must be of the ibis tribe.

September 19th.—I sat up last night in a zerība and took the 8-bore. No result as far as game went. Was intensely uncomfortable, bitten to death by mosquitoes. Neither saw nor heard anything.

This morning, as there is no news of any lion in the neighbourhood, we determined to return to Kora Abdullah. We started the kafila on our return journey at 1.30 P.M., and arrived at our former halting place—*i.e.* Lufkay—for the night at 5 P.M. Passed on the way several specimens of a curious tree called the "candelabra" tree (*Euphorbia Candelabra*).

These trees are gigantic cacti—average between 25 to 30 feet in height. One of them we passed was in flower. It appeared to be pale lavender,

but was so high up I could not see plainly. Another curious feature of this country are the ant-heaps. They take all kinds of curious shapes, made of reddish earth baked by the sun as hard as a stone. One I passed the other day was exactly like a sphinx—but the

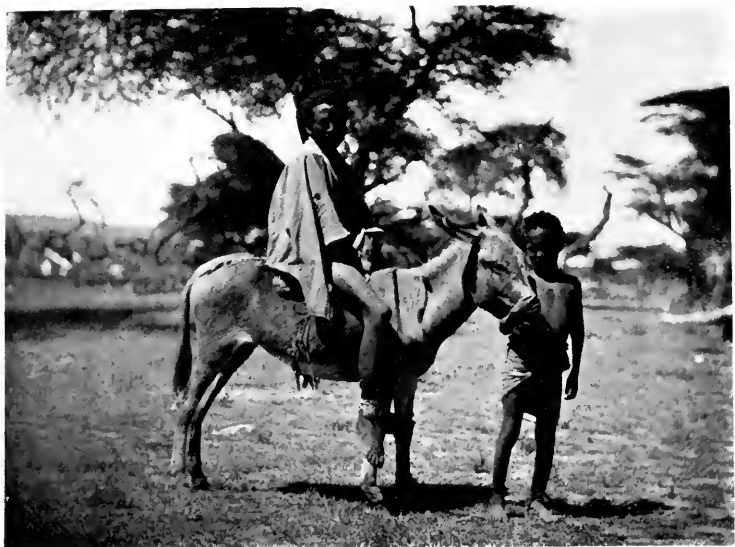


general form is as shown on the attached photograph.

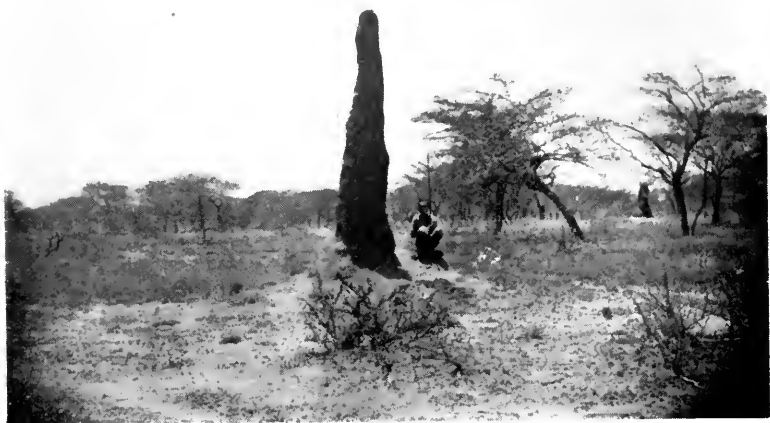
Some are as high as 20 feet.

September 20th.—Marched at 5 A.M. and arrived back at the headquarter kafilah—Kora Abdullah—at 8.30 A.M. Found that C. and S. had left for Boolalli. I heard of several fresh lion tracks about here. Captain P. started on his return to Berbera at 2 P.M. Sent a letter to E. by him. On the march this morning I shot a marabou stork, and skinned it in camp—rather an undertaking. It is an enormous bird, and will make a fine trophy if I can get it safely home.

I intend to sit up to-night for lion.



SICK BOY WE MET 300 MILES FROM THE COAST. SOME ONE HAD LENT HIM THE DONKEY, AND BUT FOR HIS LITTLE COMPANION HE WAS QUITE ALONE



AN ANT HEAP

September 21st.—Result last night, same as usual—*i.e.* blank. Some zebras came down to drink at the pool opposite my zeríba. During the night there was a thunderstorm with heavy rain.

In the morning, about 5 A.M., whilst on my way back to camp, I came on the fresh tracks of a lion at a pool in the river about 500 yards away. I shall have a zeríba built there and intend sitting up, but do not expect any result.

Spent the day in and about camp.

September 22nd.—Sat up in the zeríba last night. Blank as usual.

Nur Farrar (head shikári) thought that we had given Kora Abdullah a fair trial, and that we had better move, so we struck camp and marched at 11 A.M. *en route* for a place in the *haud*—north of Milmil—where he thought there would be a better chance of lion, as it is a tracking country.

The district is called Dowalli, or Doweralli. We halted this evening at 4 P.M., this place being named Doodliba, or “the lion’s back.” A sheep was killed by a lion yesterday morning at the village close to where we have formed a zeríba.

On the march I shot a gerenook with rather a good pair of horns—twenty-five rings.

September 23rd.—Marched at 4.30 A.M. Still on the same plateau we have been since leaving

Kora Abdullah. Thick bush on all sides. We came across several herd of gerenook, but owing to the noise made by the kafila I could not get near them. I went off again, and in about half-an-hour succeeded in stalking and killing my first aoul or Soemmering Gazelle, a bull with rather small horns. Stopped for midday rest at 9.30 A.M. and started again at 1 P.M.. We reached the edge of the plateau, and being well ahead of the kafila—that is, the shikári and myself—we were just descending, when Nur Farrar drew my attention to an oryx. We had a long stalk, and I at last succeeded in getting a shot standing, but was unsteady from running. The animal stumbled, recovered itself, and then went off. It gave us a chase of over a mile. Several times I was on the point of giving up, and at last was disappointedly watching him when, at about 400 yards off, down he went amidst a cloud of dust. After him we went as fast as we could go—Nur Farrar well ahead. I was afraid he would get too close. These animals armed with their formidable horns are liable to be dangerous. I came up, completely “pumped,” but managed to finish him with a bullet behind the shoulder. He was a young bull, and had been recently fighting, as we found a small piece of horn, just a shaving, in his side under the skin. I used the .500 Express. After skinning him, we were just starting back to the kafila path, when, about

400 yards from the spot where the oryx fell, we came across a small herd of gerenuk. As they passed us, about 170 yards off, the last animal I saw was a bull. He stopped for a moment and a lucky quick shot at the shoulder knocked him over.

The kafilá arrived at the halting place for the night at 4 P.M., but we lost our way and did not find the camp till nearly 6 P.M. Our fool of a guide gave me the wrong direction before we started, which I noted on my compass. When we lost the kafilá track I led the shikáris astray by pointing out this direction to them. For once, Nur Farrar condescended to notice my compass bearing, with the result that we went far too much to the east. When we eventually found the caravan, I discovered the wretched guide had gone much farther north than the bearing he pointed out to me. These Somalis, as a rule, are perfectly wonderful in finding the directions of a place; if they have ever heard of it, they will point out its exact direction, and they are almost invariably right.

I had for dinner some of the last of the wild honey we had found in Koraiyo Valley—that promised land, although not flowing with milk, had an abundant supply of the most excellent honey. The men used to find it by the “honey birds,” which flit from tree to tree, making a sharp twittering call, till they lead the way to

the tree or rock where the honey is secreted. Some of the honeycombs were perfectly white and quite clear. That was a delightful valley, quite the Eden of Somaliland, although I had bad luck in it.

September 24th.—Marched at 4.40 A.M. Just outside camp I shot a female hyæna. We crossed a ridge of hills in about one hour's time, and then descended into the valley of the Fafan. We found the Fafan here a running stream, with very muddy water, and slimy banks. Halted at 9.30 A.M. for midday rest. Moved again at 1.10 P.M. Just before starting we heard that C. and S. had met (two days ago) our kafila from Berbera at Burderhallee as directed (see 22nd August), and taken them on with them. Also that one camel with rice for us had been sent back to Kora Abdullah. This we have missed—very provoking as there are probably letters for me.

This afternoon I tried to stalk some aoul, but found them too wild. Shot a young bull gerenook with indifferent horns. It was a long standing shot with the 500 Express at 200 yards.

We arrived at our camping ground at Burderhallee at 4.30 P.M.

September 25th.—Moved at 5 A.M., after filling up water tank, *hans*, etc., at the well, with water which was beautifully clear. At about 6.30 A.M.

we arrived at the centre of the top of the plateau. To the left (N.W.) was Sabbattee, a high hill about twelve miles off, on which Lord Delamere was wounded by a lion. To the right, about three miles due south, we saw a small hill called Beossoro.

At 9 A.M. we arrived at the River Jerard, which we had previously crossed on the 10th of August.

During the afternoon march a panther crossed our path, but too quickly for me to get a shot. We tracked it some distance without success. Shot some dik-dik with my .360 rook rifle. We arrived at Milmil nullah about 4 P.M., and stopped for the night at 5 P.M. The second well, our rendezvous, was about four hours' march up the valley. The men were, unfortunately, without food. They were given two sheep last night, and told to make them last till this evening, but after their usual improvident style they ate everything up this morning.

Despite these little failings the Somali is a splendid specimen of a native, tall, lithe, active and well set up, with fine regular features, and when arrayed in "full dress," to captivate the damsel of his fancy, looks most picturesque.

He is clad in a long flowing *tobe*, either dazzling white or coloured, and carries a sheaf of spears in one hand and in the other a round target-shaped shield of oryx skin or, what is rarer, one made of the much-coveted rhino hide,

the possession of which is the ambition of every Somali.

His throat is encircled by a thin brown leather neckstrap, in front of which is a small leather tablet with a verse of the Koran sewn inside; the long ends of the strap fall down the back, the colour contrasting artistically with his brown skin.

To complete the toilet, his hair is plastered straight upright by some substance resembling whitewash, and so white that it would cause a Lord Mayor's footman at the Mansion House to turn green with envy.

Such is the Somali male in his gala dress.

The ladies of the country, although possessing fine figures, are very plain.

On the last occasion that the expedition was together in camp, we had served out new white *tobes* to the camp-followers.

A *tobe* consists of a few yards of white cotton material which the native drapes round his body. If it bears at one corner the blue stamp of a Manchester mill he will prize it all the more.

A *khaili* is of coloured material something after the pattern of a Scottish tartan.

It is worn in the same way.

Those we took with us were reserved as presents for the chiefs. On arrival at Milmil I noticed that all my camp-boys produced their new *tobes* and, to my surprise, dipped them in a certain

yellow muddy pool, afterwards hanging them to dry.

In answer to my astonished question as to why they spoilt their new *tobes*, the Somalis

DOUBLA HANTEE	Very long Spear
ESA SOMALI	Thick handle

HABR YUNIS



HABR TOLJALA



HABR AWAL



HABR YUNIS



(Black Head
fighting Spear)



replied that, far from spoiling the *tobes*, they considered this made them much more beautiful, and that all natives passing through Milmil dyed their *tobes* at this pool, which was famed for its fine colour.

Amongst the chief of the Somali tribes are the following :—

Doubla Hantee.

Esa Somali.

Habr Yunis.

Habr Toljala.

Habr Awal.

Nearly all the Somalis are strict Mahomedans.

We included on the roll of our camel-drivers a *mullah* (or priest), and as a rule, no matter how early we moved camp, this man held some sort of religious service before starting.

Each tribe has its own distinctive shaped spear (see page 125).

The Midgans are not acknowledged by Somalis as a tribe, but are looked down upon, so to speak, as an outcast section of the community. They are found all over Somaliland in small groups, and are treated by other natives as inferiors.

The Midgan is the hunter of the country, and lives by hunting. He carries in place of spears a bow and poisoned arrows.

September 26th.—Moved camp at 4.30 A.M., and about 7.30 A.M. found one camel and two men at Hargul Well, left behind by C. and S. They had rice for us. They reported that C. and S. had left two days previously. The former had received a letter obliging him to leave at once for the coast, and he had started off. The

latter had gone to Doweralli. I received two letters from C., one this morning and one this evening. He has sent a guide to take me to his camp, but as he seems on the right of the kafila road, I shall go on the left.

We moved on to the third well, "Arrawienee." Milmil Valley contains three wells, the above (1), Hargul (2), and Gargab (3).

We halted for midday rest, and also in order to fill up all the water vessels, as this is the last water till Hargaisa is reached.

Several poor natives came and sat round waiting for food—they seemed in a starving condition. They were some of the victims of an Abyssinian raid about a fortnight ago. All their cattle had been carried off. A poor little boy—a tiny brat, about three or four years old—was pointed out to me most horribly mutilated. These brutes ought to have a lesson taught them.

We moved on at 1 P.M. I had settled that the headquarter kafila should move on with me and then go and join C.

We outspanned for the night at 4 P.M. in open park-like country, with scattered bush, the grasses getting greener as we neared the *haud*. I shot some guinea-fowl this afternoon with my .360 rook rifle.

September 27th.—Moved camp at 4.45 A.M., and stopped for midday rest at 9.30 A.M. Saw

a herd of forty aoul—very wild—could not get a shot. We had now arrived on the edge of the *haud*. Both horses and camels seemed to enjoy the green grass.



The above is a rough sketch of the grave of a "big man," as the Somalis informed us. A circle, about forty yards in diameter, is enclosed by trees and brushwood, being piled up like *abattis* in field fortification. This one was built up to the height of about 20 feet—an opening at the side being left so that people could look in. In the centre, with large stones at the head and foot, was the grave.

We moved on 12.45 P.M. and halted 4.30 P.M. In the afternoon we came across some oryx. I took a long shot at the one nearest me, and by luck bowled him over. It proved to be a bull, with horns 32 inches.

September 28th.—Marched at 4.30 A.M., and halted for midday rest at 10 A.M. On the road I had two unsuccessful shots at aoul. Just before reaching the kafila I bagged a lesser bustard, a bird I had been endeavouring to get during the whole expedition. We moved at 2 P.M. Just

previous to this, one of our camel-men reported to me that he had heard that his brother was a prisoner in a neighbouring village, all his goods having been taken. So I sent the head camel man with an escort of four rifles to demand that the prisoner should be set at liberty or, if there was anything against him, that he should be sent into Berbera. Shortly after we had moved, two natives came up and said they had just found the fresh track of a lion. Some mounted men were sent out, and we waited and formed a zeríba. After a lapse of half-an-hour the three mounted men were seen galloping back as hard as they could go, and on nearing us they reported having seen the lion.

Amid the wildest confusion a horse was seized, and my saddle put on. I was hustled on to the horse, Nur Farrar mounted another, and off we went at a gallop. When we reached the jungle we found about two hundred natives waiting for us. The din and confusion were bewildering—a large mob all shouting different things. After going some distance the mounted men dismounted, but I was told to keep my seat. Silence now was kept. In about ten minutes I was also requested to dismount, and then—everyone commenced running, my gun-bearer with my .500 heading the crowd. Away went my head shikári also, shouting out to me to follow. The noise was worse than ever. I ran for about 200 yards and had to stop. Then I walked on and came out on an open space.

The swarm of natives had formed in a semi-circle round the lion. Nur Farrar told me that the beast was quite close, pointing to some high grass in front.

I took my '577, Nur Farrar the '500—a few yards brought us to where we saw the lion lying down in the grass, its tail switching from side to side. On kneeling down to take my shot, however, I could distinguish nothing. Without a moment's hesitation the shikári caught my arm and led me to another position at the side. Standing I could here sight only the animal's back. I could not see the head, but fired where I thought the lungs were. There was a roar. Then silence. I walked round to the other side. We waited a few moments and then, as I thought I saw signs of movement, I fired another quite unnecessary shot.

She proved to be a large lioness. Unfortunately, I forgot to measure her before skinning.

I was escorted back to camp in a sort of triumphant procession, mounted men in front chanting a song. Every now and then one would gallop out in front and circle round. I then had to witness feats of horsemanship outside the camp, much the same as described in Lord Wolverton's book.

I gave our people two sheep in honour of the event.

To-morrow I shall send all S.'s kit to Hargaisa,



TROPHY OF SKINS

and also a camel load of stores for C., as they may hear of his whereabouts. Here all trace of him is lost. I shall wait till to-morrow for fresh news of lion. The name of this place is Gabreeochallallie, and there is a large village close by.

September 29th.—Started out from camp at 5.30 A.M. to a large village about four miles off, where we heard news of a lion. On arrival, we interviewed the village shikári, who said that some days ago a lion had killed a sheep. The news was very vague, Nur Farrar placed no faith in it, but said it might have been the lioness I shot yesterday. However, we went off with the old man, and he took us into a place in the jungle where he declared the sheep had been killed. We could find no track. Finally, he made Nur Farrar, the gun-bearer and myself, sit down in the grass, and then he commenced making the most extraordinary noises, which I was informed was in imitation of one lion calling to another. It was really very funny. Nothing came of it of course. We then gave up trying for lion, and went after oryx, but without success. There are too many people about the district. The game is, in consequence, very wild. I shot a wart-hog with a very fine pair of tushes. Had to cut the head off myself, as none of our people would touch it. A small village boy finally agreed for

a rupee to carry the head up to camp, and there I found on arrival an old beggar-woman willing to skin and clean the head.

This she did, and was paid for it, but after her departure it was discovered that the wicked old thing had "pinched" the skinning knife.

So we gave chase and made her very unwillingly disgorge it.

This morning we sent off a *kafila* with S.'s things, also a camel with stores for C. All trace of him is lost, and I thought there would be more chance of finding his whereabouts at Hargaisa, for which place the caravan is bound.

I have been so much on the move the last few weeks that I have had no time to get out my thermometer which was packed for safety in my dispatch box. Now as we are getting on the high plateau of the *haud*, the nights and early mornings are very perceptibly colder.

Temperature

4.30 A.M. 56°

9.25 P.M. 66°

(in the tent)

September 30th.—Moved camp at 11 A.M. I first dispatched the whole of the surplus stores and camels to Hargaisa, there to await our arrival. The *kafila* arrived at this place, Pandare, which consists of two villages, at 4.30 P.M. On the road I shot an aoul with rather good horns. On arrival here we heard that a lion had been round one of the villages last night. Moosa, the gun-bearer, went to examine the spot and reported tracks. We tied up two donkeys.

8.30 P.M. news came in that one of the donkeys had been killed, so we shall go out to-morrow morning to follow up the spoor. Heard from C. this morning. He wants me to join him at Gogob, but I have decided not to do so, as it will be losing time. I shot a long-legged bird of the plover tribe, eyes yellow with black centre. It is exactly like the bird in South Africa called the "Diccup."

October 1st.—After an early cup of chocolate, went down to see the "kill"—*i.e.* the dead donkey—and was very disappointed to find it had been killed by a hyæna and not by a lion. As we could find no fresh tracks of the latter about, Nur Farrar advised going out for hartebeest, aoul, etc., on a plain near here, saying that we should do no good by tracking up the old lion spoor.

At 6 A.M. we started. About two miles from camp the bush became thinner, till it gradually ceased and became an open plain, covered with long green grass. Our first stalk after aoul was unsuccessful. The plan adopted to get near the game is to have a camel with ropes on either side like reins. The animal is driven along and the stalker keeps under cover till the game is within range. The camel was young, and showed his dislike to being driven along, and so prevented from feeding on the green grass, by keeping up a continuous grunting noise. Failing in the first

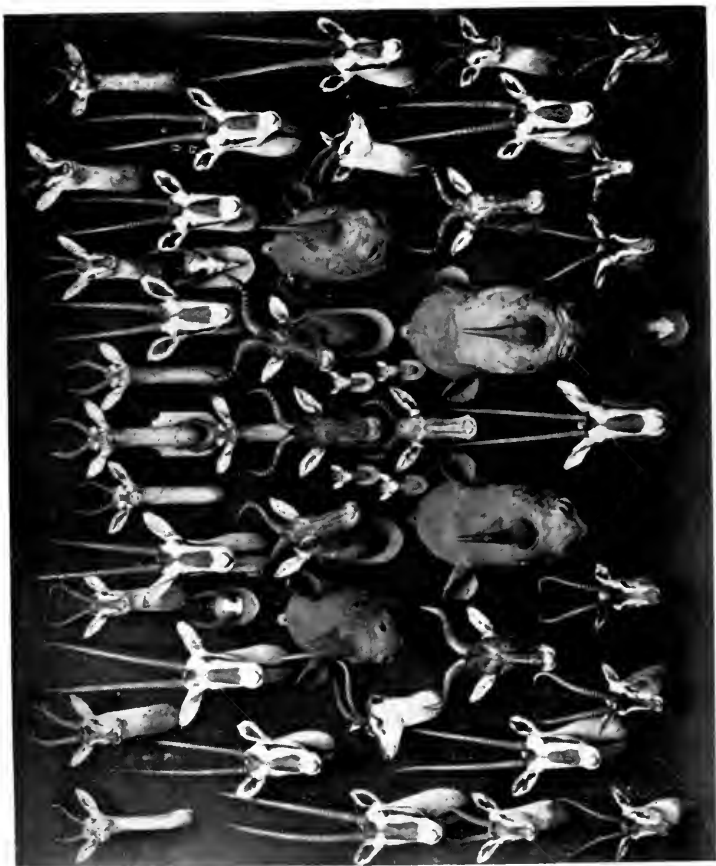
stalk, Nur Farrar placed me with himself and gun-bearer behind some bushes, and had some aoul driven up by the Midgan in charge of the camel. A good young bull came trotting up towards us at about 150 yards. I fired at him with my Express, hit him hard, but he went on about fifty yards, when I dropped him with the magazine. After that we came on three more, which we stalked successfully with the camel. I shot first the bull with the magazine, then fired at an old cow (very good horns), which fell. The third got away.

We now went after hartebeest, and after two hours' hard work I bagged two, both bulls—lost three wounded for want of a horse. I found these animals much wilder than I had expected. No shot was under 250 yards. One I knocked clean over, but he got up and went off.

Returned to camp very tired about 4 P.M. Bag: 2 hartebeests and 3 aoul. At about 6 P.M. I went down to the game zeríba, outside the village, that had been made over the "kill."

October 2nd.—My sitting up last night ended, as it has always done, in disappointment. No animal of any kind came near us. We heard a panther and a hyæna in the distance. Got back to camp about 4.30 A.M.

I forgot to mention in yesterday's diary that Sheik Meddir's sons paid me a visit last night.



COLLECTION OF HEADS

They had come after a lost camel, said to be in possession of some villagers near here. They asked me to send two of our camel men with them, to make sure that the animal would be given up.

At 6 A.M. I set off, leaving Nur Farrar behind, as he was unwell. After arriving on the plain we soon came across aoul. My first shot (with magazine) at a bull broke his leg. He went on about seventy yards and then stood. I fired two shots from the Express and missed clean. Very shaky from sitting up all night. Sent the mounted man after the aoul, but he could not overtake him. At last this pursuit was brought to an abrupt close by his horse putting its foot into a hole, and sending the rider flying. I shot three bulls at intervals in the next few hours. The last I was lucky in finding. I had shot at one in a herd, and he, as I thought, had gone away. About half-an-hour after, we were lying behind a bush waiting for some hartebeest to be driven to us, when we saw a cloud of vultures round a spot a quarter of a mile away. Went up to examine, and found an aoul just dead, but already its skin had been slightly damaged by the birds. About three hours were now wasted in an unsuccessful stalk, first of hartebeest, then of oryx. I then turned back into the centre of the plain, stalked some aoul and shot three, all bulls (the aoul were in thousands), and immediately after we "spotted" a wounded hartebeest—one

from yesterday. The mounted man was sent in pursuit, and this time he was successful. After a long gallop the animal fell and was captured, one leg completely broken. It proved to be a young cow. As I thought I had enough for one day we turned homewards, and on the way I took a long shot, 250 yards, with my Express at a fine aoul and by a lucky chance succeeded in bowling it over. Total bag: 7 aoul (all bulls), 1 hartebeest from yesterday (two camel loads of meat)! Crowds of villagers awaited our return, and the row and clamour for meat was absolutely deafening. All were satisfied at last, and quiet was restored to the camp.

This morning as I was starting out the assistant cook boy, who was sent with a letter to C. yesterday, turned up again, stating that he could not find the way. I am ordering him out of camp to-morrow, and sending him *via* Hargaisa. Quite determined my letters shall reach C. He seems to find no difficulty in sending letters to me.

7 P.M.—The old guide, Abdi, has just turned up again. States he has been as far as Burderhallee and can get no news of the missing camel. Of course all my letters have gone. I cannot tell what the mail-bag contained. Suppose I must look on them as lost and my saddle as well.

October 3rd.—Spent the early morning arranging and labelling my trophies, as my head shikári,



SOEMMERING'S GAZELLE
(GAZELLA SOEMMERINGI)
SOMALI NAME—"AOUL"



WALLEK'S GAZELLE (LITHOCRANIUS WALLERI)
SOMALI NAME—"GERENOOK"

Nur arrar, informed me he thought we ought to move on.

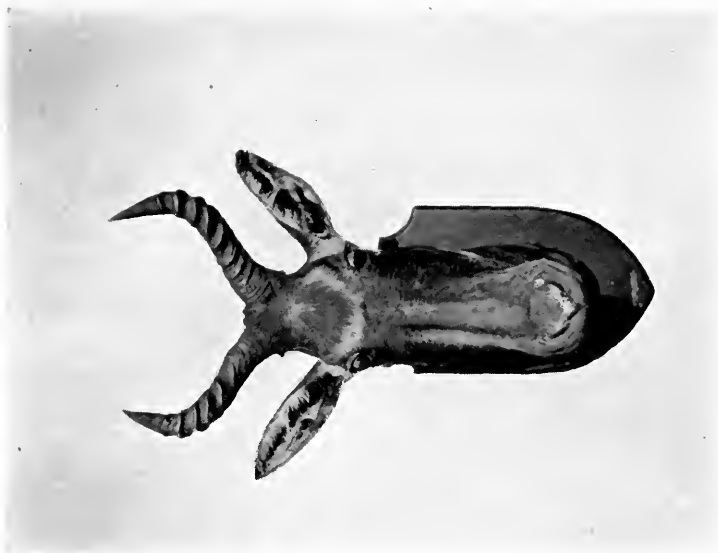
We struck camp and marched at 11.30 A.M., arriving at this camp at 6 P.M. The kafila halted twice to enable us to follow up game. I went off to the right. Had several chances at hartebeest crossing the plain, but they were all wild—partly on account of the weather. It was a dull afternoon, heavy wind blowing, and black storm-clouds all round. The grass was very wet, and the game in consequence exceedingly wild. I bagged one small bull, and wounded another. I sent a mounted native after him, and whilst following him we were overtaken by darkness.

It was rather a weird feeling, being on that great desolate plain, nothing but grass stretching for miles on all sides, black clouds overhead and a heavy thunderstorm with lightning in our front. We could not tell exactly where the kafila had gone, although I had the compass bearing of the general direction. In any case, it was a great deal too dark to read my compass, not being a luminous one. We tramped on in silence for some time, when suddenly to our delight a bright light sprang up in our front. It proved to be a long way off, but my shot was answered in a few minutes, and after a considerable tramp we reached the zeríba, in front of which we found a huge bonfire burning. The mounted native who

had unsuccessfully pursued the wounded hartebeeste had arrived long before us.

October 4th.—Went out at 6 A.M. to have my final shot at hartebeest, as they say this is the last place where I shall see them. On arriving at the edge of the plain we came on a fresh-killed aoul, the work of a hyæna, the shikári said. We soon came in sight of several single hartebeests, but the morning was cold and very windy, and this made them shy. Spent several hours in fruitless attempts to get within easy range. I had one or two long shots, but missed. At last I succeeded in bowling one over. Leaving the syce to watch, and keep off the vultures, we went off after some more, sighted in the distance, and when within half-a-mile discovered a herd, in which there must have been several hundred, in our front. These we found even more difficult to approach. I think, had the morning been warm and still, I should have had no difficulty in getting easy shots.

The stalking camel, as described in diary of the 1st of October, which we were using to-day was an old one, and went quietly enough, but it would insist just at the critical moment in stopping to eat grass. I noticed that directly the camel stopped the game was off. We were just getting within range, easy range, of a bull at the rear of the great herd—I was down on the



HYBRID HARTEBEEST
(SWAYNE AND COKE)



SWAYNE'S HARTEBEEST
(BUBALIS SWAYNEI)

knee holding the magazine rifle—when the brute, the camel, stopped. Away went the bull after the remainder, but after a short distance pulled up to have a look at us. I slipped up the sight to 300 yards and fired—thought I had missed, but to my surprise Nur Farrar commenced signalling frantically to a mounted native we had out with us, to ride down any wounded beast.

Away went the man, and I could see that the hartebeest was hit. After an exciting ride of about half-a-mile the animal fell, got up again, and was brought to a standstill. I followed and finished him off. The cartridge and bullet used was the ordinary Government one, with cordite powder. Unfortunately I had run out of cartridges with the split bullets. In nearly every case of a body shot these dropped the beast where he stood, but the Government bullets often merely pierced through without doing much damage.

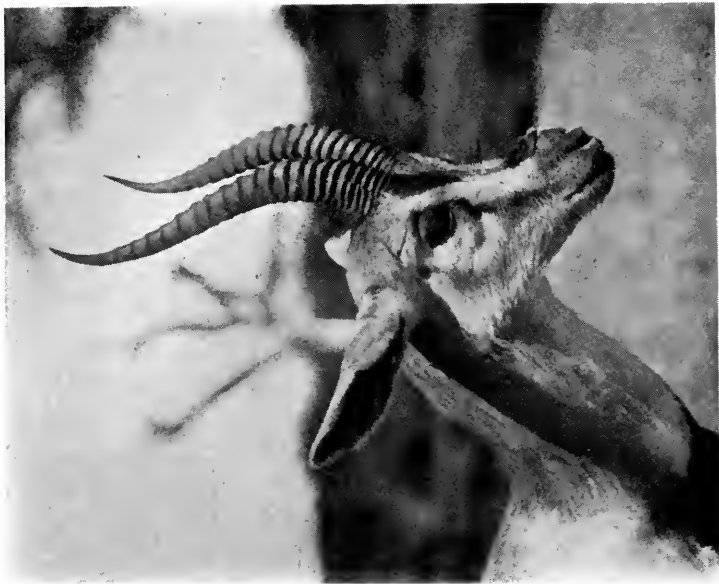
This hartebeest proved to be a fine bull. As this made my sixth hartebeest I considered that was enough, so after the animal had been skinned and packed we turned towards camp.

I omitted to state that during all this time whilst after hartebeest the plain on all sides of us was covered with herds of aoul—thousands. This is no exaggeration, they were absolutely in thousands—vast herds of them. Having already

killed twelve I did not wish to go after any more, but as we were going back, Nur Farrar pointed me out one with very fine horns. At this I fired with the magazine at 250 yards. The bullet, Government cordite cartridge, pierced right through his hinder quarter, but did not stop him, so I fired another shot, which luckily bowled him over. His horns were the same length as the best one I shot on the 2nd instant. Measurement: 19 inches. These two pairs of horns, respectively $19\frac{1}{2}$ inches and 19 inches, are fine specimens.

Returned to camp about 12.30 noon, and at 2.30 P.M. we moved, and halted for the night 4.10 P.M. Only four miles to-day. On leaving our old zeríba we quitted the edge of the plain and entered bush country again. This spot is towards the centre of the *haud*. No well between Hargaisa and Milmil, yet the natives living here do not appear to suffer from the want of water, at least not at the present time, as there are constant showers several times a day. When it rains, it is generally a regular downpour. The water remains on the ground sufficiently long for the people to fill their *hans*, or water vessels. On several occasions natives riding with us, on seeing a heavy storm in the immediate neighbourhood, have asked permission to take their horses off and water them. These heavy showers

Temperature are very local, only a certain extent of country
8.15 P.M. 71° being covered at a time.



DHERO GAZELLE
(GAZELLA SPEKEI)



BEISA ANTELOPE
(ORVX BEISA)

October 5th.—Struck camp at 4.30 A.M. The kafila arrived at this camp, Ferlibah, at about 7 A.M. The shikáris and self left the camp caravan about 5.30 and went off to the right to try a nullah for lion, previously visited by Nur Farrar, but the only thing I bagged was a small gazelle (*Gazella Spekei* or *Dhero Gazelle*), the first I had seen in Somaliland.

At 11 A.M. we reached the spot where it had been arranged that the kafila should meet us, but not a sign of it was to be seen. I waited for about an hour, while Nur Farrar and the guide searched the bush for tracks, but without success, so we decided the only thing to be done was to go back to the spot where we had left them. As we were walking along, Nur Farrar, with his usual impetuous manner, striding about fifty yards ahead, with my '500 Express, notwithstanding my repeated requests that he should keep close in front of me, came right on to a fine oryx about fifteen yards from him. He threw himself down on the ground. I came up within thirty paces, standing behind a bush, and could see the oryx in front of me, but could go no closer. I turned round to the gun-bearer, Moosa, and took my '577. Then I saw that Nur Farrar was directly in my line of fire. I did not like to risk an accident. The next instant the oryx turned and bolted. It was most unfortunate.

We arrived back at the spot where we left the

kafila at 1.45 P.M., and at 2 P.M. started and followed up their track.

Arrived in camp at 3.30 P.M. I was completely exhausted. Very thankful to lie down on my bed. Just then it came down a regular deluge of rain, but notwithstanding the noise and bustle in camp I went off to sleep and slept for three hours. Woke up, feeling much refreshed and very thankful for some dinner. With the exception of some biscuits and sardines at 4.30 A.M. I had had nothing to eat since 7 P.M. last night. Treated myself to my only bottle of claret. My food consists now chiefly of aoul, which is the only fresh meat we have in camp. Aoul soup and curried aoul, sardines and stewed apple-rings form the menu.

Temperature

4 A.M. 57°

10 P.M. 65°

5.30 A.M. 61° *October 6th.*—Went out after oryx about 6 A.M.,
 11.15 A.M. 83° but had no luck, saw a few but they were very
 (tent shade)
 8.30 P.M. 72° wild and I could not get a shot. I returned to
 (in the tent) camp about 9 A.M. At 12 noon we struck camp
 and moved on, arriving at Ha-Vallie at 3.30 P.M. I went on in advance with the shikáris, and before long came in sight of a single oryx. We stalked it and I at last got a shot under the bushes, lying down, and knocked him over with a shot through the lungs. He proved to be a bull with a grand pair of horns—34 inches—my best so far. A little further on I succeeded in getting close to another oryx, but unfortunately failed to bag it.

About two miles beyond this we came on a herd. I had a long stalk, till finally Nur Farrar handed me the rifle. I took a steady aim at the one nearest me, and fired, but they (the whole herd), as I thought, moved on. I could not make it out, as I knew that I was "dead on." Moving forward about twenty yards, I fired at two others, standing about 250 yards off, but failed to get either. Another fifty yards on the shikári, to my delight, pointed out the first animal lying dead, shot through the heart. It was a fine cow, with horns $33\frac{1}{2}$ inches. After skinning, and loading up the meat, we moved on. Found some fresh blood spots, evidently one of the animals I had fired at, and we were proceeding to track them up when Nur Farrar again passed my rifle to me. Next instant four oryx dashed past us. I fired two shots at the first and last, and thought I had hit both times, but after following their track some distance we gave it up, as it was getting dark, and made for our camp.

Owing to heavy downpour of rain last night we found during the day water in several places in the bush. Some of the ditches had between one and two feet of water, so we took the opportunity of filling up the water-tanks and *hans*.

At 7 P.M. a heavy storm of rain, lasting about half-an-hour, broke over us. Our camp was surrounded by acres of lovely grass, knee-

deep. Never saw better meadow grass in England.

Temperature

5.45 A.M. 70°

10.30 A.M. 85°

(tent shade)

9 P.M. 76°

October 7th.—Moved camp at 1 P.M. and arrived here, Ugasso, at 3.40 P.M. I tried for oryx on the way, but without success.

6 A.M. 55°

12 noon 86°

(tent shade)

October 8th.—I went out from camp for my last shoot at 6 A.M. Soon after starting I heard a shot close to us, and about half-an-hour after two more, some distance off. We had proceeded for some time without seeing anything, Nur Farrar had fallen behind, when Moosa, the gun-bearer, who was carrying my .500, suddenly clutched my arm and pointed to an oryx looking at us about 100 yards off. I could only see the head, but fired at what I thought was the shoulder. The animal gave a great bound and galloped off as hard as it could. We went and examined the spot, and found large blood tracks. These we followed for a long way, but at last, owing to the blood marks ceasing, and the difficulty of tracking over stony ground, we had to give it up.

We did not come across more game for a considerable time, when Nur Farrar sighted two oryx feeding. These we stalked and succeeded in getting within 120 yards, one (the bull) gave me a good shot sideways. I lay down, fired, and bowled him over. His horns measured 31 inches.



THE COMBINED BAG

Fairly good head. After this I did not get another shot, and returned to camp at 10.30. Just before returning, Nur Farrar discovered he had left the cartridge-bag at the spot where we killed the oryx, so he had to go back for it. I breakfasted, packed up and waited for his return. At 12.30 he appeared. To my great joy he was carrying besides the cartridge-bag the head and skin of the oryx which we had unsuccessfully tracked. It was found dead about 100 yards beyond where we gave up tracking. The horns measured 33 inches—one of my best heads. Unfortunately the vultures had commenced work on it before it was discovered, and one ear was eaten away.

At 1.45 P.M. we struck camp and moved for Hargaisa. Arrived there 7 P.M.

My syce caused me much annoyance by allowing my mule to run away. However, it was eventually recovered. In the meantime the syce was wandering round the country with my saddle. A short time after this my head shikári "spotted" two oryx, and we commenced stalking. We had just got into a very good position, and the animals were feeding up towards us, when they suddenly bolted. We discovered the cause—namely, the two camel men who had been sent out to look for the syce and saddle. I was just commencing to follow them—the oryx—when I heard shouts from behind. Looking round, I saw C. coming up. Those were his shots

I had heard. I stopped and had a long talk with him. He proposed returning here on the 10th. He had not had much luck up till now, and wanted me to stay, but I had sent on the caravan to Hargaisa, and so prepared to march on.

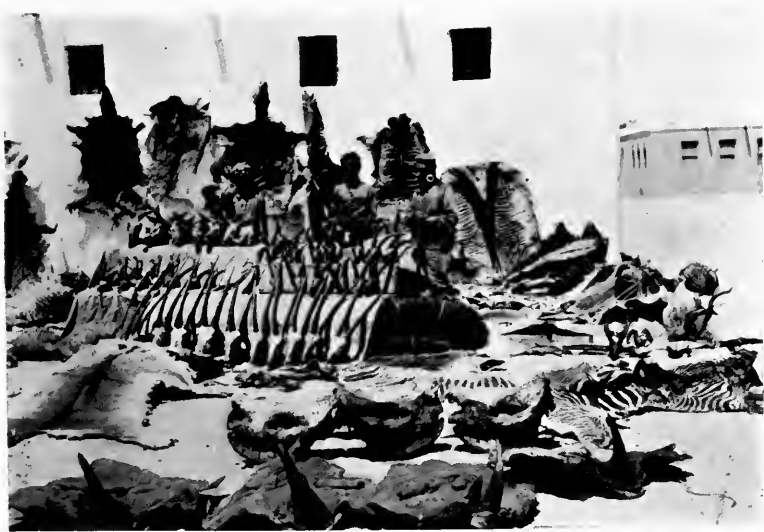
Just as we were entering Hargaisa Valley my native boy told me an English sahib was coming up behind. As he came close, to my astonishment, I recognised him as Captain L., 4th Hussars, A.D.C. to the General Officer Commanding at Cairo. He had just arrived from Berbera on six weeks' leave, with Captain C. of his regiment. It was the most unexpected meeting. He only decided to come whilst on leave in London. We dined together, and I gave him all the information in my power. They proposed going in the direction of the Harrowa Valley. I handed him over all my 500 Express cartridges (two boxes from Holland's, fifty in each), and 210 rounds loose.

I found our kafila here all safe. One letter from C. and one from Mahomet Hindi. No news of the missing guide with camel.

October 9th.—I stopped in camp all day, sorting out and labelling my trophies. This morning early—about 6 A.M.—there was a dense mist. Very cold, could not take the temperature, as the thermometer was locked up. In the middle



C.'S BAG



MY OWN BAG

of the day the thermometer was lying alongside of me, on the table and on the sunny side. It registered 106° . 9.30 P.M.—I have just taken the glass from the box outside, and found it 60° .

Temperature
12 noon 106°
(in the sun)
9.30 P.M. 60°

October 10th.—A very cold night. I could not sleep for the cold. There was a thick mist this morning at 6 A.M., and I fetched the thermometer from outside the tent. It was lying on my steel box. It was covered with dew, which might have been the cause of the glass registering so low. It stood at only 43° —by far the lowest we have had. At about 11 A.M. C. arrived with his camp. He had not been very successful. About two hours after his arrival news came in that a lion had been seen near his old camp, so off he set to look for it. I went out late in the afternoon to try and get some dik-dik or guinea-fowl for dinner, but without success.

C. returned at 6.30 P.M., having failed to track the lion. Sheik Meddir's blind son came to take leave of us. We gave him two *tobes*—one for himself, and one for his father. I also gave him a cigarette-holder and some cigarettes, which seemed to delight him very much.

October 11th.—We struck camp and marched from Hargaisa on our return journey at 6.30 A.M.

5.30 A.M. 54°

October 12th, 13th, 14th.—On the road to Berbera.

October 14th.—On the road to Berbera.

After midday halt, the whole of the *kafila* was photographed.

A photo was also taken of a Somali graveyard. It was superior to others we had seen. Surrounded by four large slabs of stone. The grave of a celebrated *mullah* (or priest).

In the afternoon, in order to test the pace of the camels' baggage train, etc., I measured a level stretch of road—440 yards. The pace of the *kafila* in passing over this distance was six minutes, which worked out one mile in twenty-four minutes, or two and a half miles an hour.

October 15th.—I left the halting-place at 2 A.M., and arrived at Berbera at 4.30 A.M.

We had a most cordial welcome from the Coxes, and their kindness will always remain a cherished memory.

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A few days' hard work squaring up and settling with the men of the expedition, and then we crossed to Aden. Here we put up at the *Hôtel de l'Europe*.

S. had, as I already stated, been recalled to Cairo.

His regiment was embarking for England.

In my diary I forgot to mention that whilst in the Koraiyo Valley we met with a fly which was most deadly in its effect on cattle. It looked



CAMP KITCHEN



GRAVE OF MULLAH OR PRIEST

like a small house-fly, and I have now no doubt that it was the tse-tsi fly.

It was pointed out to me one evening when the camels were being "kraaled."

As the result of the bites of this fly, three of our ponies (S.'s and mine) gradually sickened and fell away to mere skin and bone. One died, and the other two were sent down to Hargaisa to recuperate.

On our return, we found both animals apparently recovered, but on commencing our march to the coast another died quite suddenly.

Only one now remained—mine. After selling most of our live stock at Berbera, I took the pony over to Aden, thinking to get there a better price.

Shortly after our arrival I was sitting writing in the hotel, when one of our native boys burst into the room with a broad grin on his face.

"Master know that pony of his?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, him just fall down dead on the square."

Another delighted grin, and I found it was quite true.

As I was invited to dine with the General that evening I called in the services of a barber to clip my hair. Told him to cut fairly short, and then—went off to sleep.

I awoke and stared at myself in the glass. No soldier prisoner after seven days' cells or

convict at Portland condemned to penal servitude ever had a closer crop.

With a shout up I jumped. The native barber fled, and I pursued him in my shirt-sleeves on to the square.

I never saw him again.

To present myself at the General's dinner-party in my cropped condition was by no means pleasant, and I felt horribly ashamed of myself. Perhaps I took the wisest course under the circumstances, by confiding the story of my mishap to Mrs General.

It amused her and cleared the atmosphere.

Before leaving, I went to a photographer's. A piece of vanity, I admit. For the benefit of my readers I attach the result.

In coming out of the photographic saloon a dirty-faced little *café-au-lait* boy (presumably the artist's son) addressed me :

“ Please, sir, are those the clothes you wear when you go to battle ? ”

A good old uncle of mine when shown a copy of this photo exclaimed : “ My dear boy, *what* a ruffian you do look.”

We took the homeward-bound ship *Rewa*, and so ended the most enjoyable shooting trip in which I ever took part.



THE AUTHOR
ON RETURN FROM SOMALILAND

TOTAL BAG

			B.C.	S.	M.	Total
Elephant	.	.	2	1	—	3
Lion	.	.	1	—	1	2
Panther	.	.	1	—	—	1
Rhino	.	.	3	3	4	10
Zebra	.	.	6	3	6	15
Great koodoo	.	.	—	—	—	—
Lesser koodoo	.	.	—	1	1	2
Oryx	.	.	11	9	11	31
Hartebeest	.	.	6	4	6	16
Gerenuk	.	.	4	4	6	14
Aoul	.	.	6	9	13	28
Ostrich	.	.	—	—	—	—
Wart-hog	.	.	1	—	1	2
Gazelle (Dhero)	.	.	1	1	1	3
Hyæna	.	.	2	2	1	5
Golawaraba	.	.	1	—	—	1
Chumbala	.	.	—	1	—	1
Grand Total						<u>134</u>

V

BLACKBUCK

IN February, 1899, when stationed at Meerut, I obtained ten days' leave and, having previously sent on my camp, servants, etc., started by train for the Central Provinces and arrived after a journey of about forty-eight hours at the small wayside station of Khorai in the Bina district.

My camp was pitched at a place called Teora, five miles distant.

My own and a local shikári met me. At their suggestion I sent my baggage round by road, and started for a walk across country to my camp, taking my rifle.

The country here was a flat, uncultivated plain, and consisted of rough stony ground covered with low aromatic shrubs.

The local shikári's prediction that we should meet with blackbuck was amply fulfilled: we saw many.

I stalked and shot three, on the advice of my men, who declared each one to be "a pukka burra wallah" (a proper big one).

Each time I was disappointed, as I found on

measuring that they had horns of only 18 or 19 inches.

This being almost my first experience of blackbuck shooting, my eye was not trained to "spot" a good head from a bad.

That night, however, the village shikári was sent for, and I told him that I had not come that long journey to shoot such small heads.

Thereupon the worthy man declared that, if the sahib so willed, he would take him to a place where the blackbuck had horns so long—indicating the length of his long skinny arm !

The result of this conversation was, that each day I was taken into country quite different to that traversed in my walk from the station.

The barren stony plain had given place to large stretches of cultivation—Indian corn, then only green, and from two to three feet high; also a plant—a sort of millet—much cultivated in the Central Provinces on account of its seed.

It was chiefly in these crops that we found the blackbuck feeding; they were very numerous.

One evening, on one of the few uncultivated strips of ground, I saw a drove of at least one hundred; being very wild, they spied me quite 500 yards away.

In the daytime, as before stated, we generally found them feeding, either singly or a few together, in the crops.

As there were no trees or rocks, it would have

been impossible without some artificial aid to have got within shot.

The plan usually adopted is to get an ordinary country cart and stick branches into the sides so that the leaves afford a thick shelter.

In stalking up to a blackbuck the bullock used for drawing the cart is driven along by its native driver at the ordinary slow pace.

The buck are used to all three and take no special notice of them.

The sahib, or whoever may be the sportsman, walks on the far side under cover of the cart.

Should this succeed in getting within easy range, he drops on the knee, allows the cart to move on, and takes his shot.

This was the plan I generally followed.

Before leaving Meerut, my General, a veteran shikári (who, by the way, has shot the second record blackbuck head), told me that constant blazing at the herds would be fatal to any hope of obtaining a good head.

Remembering this, and also the poor specimens I had shot on my way from the station, I determined to pick only good horns.

The result was that I went for two days without firing a shot, passing by any number, and then my patience was rewarded.

The morning of the third day was passed unsuccessfully, when, about midday, my shikári, with the aid of my glasses, "spotted" a small



BLACKBUCK
25 inches
(ANTILOPE CERVICAPRA)

herd of eight or ten. Some were does, which do not carry horns. Amongst them was a beast with a splendid head, the best horns I had seen.

Well, we commenced our stalk, and we continued it for hours. It would be wearisome to go into details.

Many times we got within shot, but the wily old beast (he was evidently the veteran of the herd) always kept on the far side.

And then off they would go.

More than once I thought we had lost them for good. So it went on till past five in the afternoon.

They were more than a mile in front of us, and we had to wait till they commenced feeding, when we again crept up.

Just after getting within shot they began to move off, but the big fellow, unfortunately for himself, stopped a few seconds at the tail of the herd.

It gave me my chance.

I was already down on the knee. The moment he stood I fired, at about eighty yards, and he dropped stone dead.

My shikári ran forward with my measuring-tape and gave a shout.

To my joy I read $24\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Afterwards, however, when carefully measured, the horns proved to be 25 inches.

A good head, and above the average of those obtained in these times. .

During the three remaining days I spent in this camp four more good heads fell to my rifle, but none better than the one above-mentioned.

All my blackbuck were killed with a sporting .303 rifle—the only one used on this trip, and which proved a very useful little weapon.

I returned well satisfied with my holiday, and with the specimens obtained.

With those trophies added to my collection, I feel that I never want to shoot another of these graceful little animals.

VI

SHOOTING TRIP IN THE HIMALAYAS FROM CHAKRATA

(October and November, 1899)

October 5th.—On the 5th of October 1899 I started from Chakrata, a hill station in the Himalayas where my regiment was stationed, for a few weeks' shooting trip into the mountains.

Chakrata itself lies at an altitude of about 7000 feet.

Its scattered cantonment is built on a ridge, with deep *khuds* of many thousand feet on either side.

My camp equipment and stores were carried entirely by coolies, as I took no ponies, the ground it was proposed to traverse being impracticable for them.

My personal belongings were packed in *kiltas* and *yák-dâns*. A *kilta* is a leather-covered basket, shaped like a barrel, slung on a man's back by means of leather straps through which he passes his arms.

A *yák-dân* is a small leather-covered trunk designed for transport on a *yák*, one being hung on either side of the animal.

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My stores, provisions and ammunition were packed in suitable-sized wooden boxes.

As a precautionary measure and, in fact, by cantonment regulations, all coolies were obtained through the cantonment magistrate. They were given an advance of wages and provided with blankets.

My head shikári—a hillman, Lalu by name—was reported to be the best in the district, and I certainly found his professional abilities excellent.

After all, that was the chief thing.

His personality might well have been improved. He was a morose individual at the best of times, and often given to fits of ungovernable passion.

My battery consisted in a double ·577 Express (now superseded by my cordite ·450 rifle), a double ·500 and a double 12-bore shot-gun, all by Holland & Holland.

Passing over the Deoban, 9000 feet, a mountain immediately at the back of Chakrata, my road ran north-east by way of Mundali, Porohla, Bhashti, etc., etc.

I traversed a succession of ridges, steep *khud* sides and open valleys, many fairly well cultivated, till I reached pine and deodar forests; next came scrub jungle, with here and there some rhododendron trees—trees, mark you, for rhododendrons in these regions grow into trees 20 to 30 feet high—and rough open stony ground. Just the ordinary typical scenery of the lower Himalayas.

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For the first week I did little or no shooting, but pushed on as rapidly as possible.

I passed many streams like small Highland rivers, and believe they held trout, for I saw fishing-nets hanging up in some of the villages. On one occasion I came across a rude drawing of a fish, done by some hillman on a piece of wood, and *there were spots marked on it*, which clearly showed it was intended for one of the trout species.

I at length arrived at the foot of Kidarkanta, a mountain 12,518 feet high. At the foot is a large and prosperous village named Our, consisting of many two-storeyed houses with balconies running round, very similar to Swiss châteaux, even to the stones on the roofs.

In the centre of the village was a large loom for weaving homespun.

October 12th.—The day I ascended Kidarkanta was one of the hardest I ever spent.

I started from camp at 3 A.M. by lantern light, and after working uphill for several hours stopped and had breakfast.

Soon after resuming the climb I put up some chukar (something like French partridge) from some rocks and knocked one over. Our path then led through some thick bushes like hazel-trees, and here I shot one or two very large pigeons, like blue rocks, but very much larger.

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I could have shot several more but thought I had enough. Unfortunately I did not learn till my return to Chakrata that these birds are rare ; otherwise I should have kept one—as it was, they all went into the pot !

Some distance higher up I found myself in thick forest jungle with tall trees and dense undergrowth. Here whilst following the forest path I put up two pheasants, one after the other, both of which I shot.

I heard a third bird get up behind some bushes, but could not catch sight of it.

Of the two I shot, one was a hen moonâl pheasant. The other proved, on my return to Chakrata, to be a hen tragopan. If I had only known it at the time, I might probably have camped at this spot for a day or so in hopes of getting the cock bird of this species. The *crimson* tragopan, as the male is called, is one of the handsomest of Himalayan pheasants.

I wonder what the bird was that flew away, and which I did not see !

Up and up went the path till, after hours of climbing, we left the forest far below, passing through short grass and scrubby vegetation. Finally, up a rocky pass for some distance, we at last arrived at our camping ground, practically on the summit.

This was about 7 P.M.

For two mortal hours I had to shiver on the

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top of that bleak spot, waiting for my camp baggage, and when at last it came, and my tent was pitched, it was with great difficulty I kept myself warm.

The coolies set to work, lit huge bonfires and erected shelters for themselves with whatever boughs they could find.

Poor devils, they must have found it terribly cold, notwithstanding the blankets with which I had provided them.

Next morning every available man was turned out as a beater.

After descending a short distance I found myself in a beautiful park-like land, splendid turf underfoot and large clumps of rhododendrons—mostly bushes here, of the ordinary size one sees in England.

If this had not been a steep mountain-side I might have imagined myself in some English park.

It was out of these clumps they drove the moonal pheasants over me.

During my two days' stay at the camp I managed to secure very good specimens of a cock and hen bird.

The plumage of the cock moonal is very fine: wings and back of peacock-blue, bronze, brown and white; purple breast, with cinnamon-brown fan-shaped tail. A delicate aigrette of peacock-blue and bronze feathers surmounts the head.

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To see one of these birds in brilliant sunshine shoot down the *khud* side with extended wings is a gorgeous sight.

The next camp was Datmir.

Situated at the head of the Tonse Valley, amid the wildest of Himalayan scenery, "stupendous" is the only fitting word to describe the view compared with which the mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol are insignificant.

The River Tonse, which owes its source to the glaciers north of Datmir, falls through a narrow gorge between rocky cliffs 1000 feet high.

October 15th.—These are surmounted by dense and dark pine forests, behind which rise tier upon tier of mountain ranges. The whole is backed by the glittering white peak of Bandapunch¹ (21,000 feet) and other snow mountains.

The bungalow, so called, is the highest in the forest department of this district; it was merely an empty hut, but I shall never forget the journey up to it.

After a descent of a couple of thousand feet, or more, we commenced our climb.

At one spot, towards the top, the path ran along a narrow ledge, sheer rock ascending on

¹ The literal translation is "monkey's tummy," though why the natives should give such an unpoetical name to this glorious white peak, goodness only knows.

One must not expect the soul of a Tennyson in a Himalayan native.

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one side, on the other an almost perpendicular drop of about 600 feet.

The hut possessed little more than one bare room, with one small window unglazed, but I was thankful to find a boarded floor.

October 15th and 16th.—I stayed here for two days, but could find no fresh tracks of bear—plenty of old ones, months old—and so I moved camp into the valley below, passing a second time over the objectionable spot above-mentioned.

October 17th.—The camp was close to the Tonse, and I spent the afternoon down at the river-side. The water had that pale green colour which showed unmistakably that it came direct from the snow.

It was here a swift running mountain torrent, and, when I saw it, full of logs of trees—logs which had been cut in the vast Sâl forest above, and thrown into the river as the quickest means of transport.

When the Tonse eventually flows into the Jumna these logs are collected, made into large rafts and floated down the river.

They are used, I believe, chiefly for making railway sleepers.

I found in many places a pile of logs half stranded, their passage blocked by a single piece. A well-directed push from my *khud* stick would

.

often dislodge this, and allow the others to be carried down with a rush.

It was good fun, and I told the Forest Officer, on my return, that I claimed half-a-day's pay. This he informed me I was at liberty to do, but whether I should be paid was quite another question.

October 18th.—Our next camp was *Lower Gangard*.

I had been out some hours with the shikári when we came on the fresh track of a bear, and this we followed up a very steep *khud* side. It landed us on to some rocks at the top. The shikári while searching about suddenly beckoned me to him.

I found him standing near the edge of a perpendicular precipice of rock, over 200 feet.

At the bottom was a stream; opposite to us, about seventy yards across, was another wall of rock, but not sheer like the one on which we were standing.

Lalu pointed at something on the other side, and, when I could not at once "spot" what it was, became very excited.

Then I saw four goral going up the rocks in single file.

Down I sat at once and, resting my rifle on my knees, I fired at the leading one. Hit him hard, but unfortunately he got away.

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I may here remark that the shikári, under the circumstances, of course made out that it was the best head.

I then fired three successive shots at the others and bagged all three.

The camp boys had some difficulty in recovering the bodies, two of them being hung up on the rocks.

They proved to be :

1 young buck, 5-inch horns,

1 very young buck, 5-inch horns.

1 doe goral.

The goral is often called the Himalayan chamois, a very good name, which exactly describes it.

CAMP ARORA

October 19th.—Our camp was pitched close to a very small hill village of that name, on the top of a hill—if one can so describe rising ground which forms part of the side of this gigantic mountain valley (the Tonse Valley).

Very many of these Himalayan dwellings or *châlets* had miniature houses immediately behind them.

They were only about 12 to 15 feet high, and I had often wondered what purpose they served. This I here discovered, for in passing the door of one I found it opened and a woman working inside.

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They were storehouses full of walnuts !

Wild walnut-trees were plentiful in the district, as I had already found.

More than once even my stolid shikári had lingered behind to fill his pockets.

Now I found that the natives collected great stores of them for their winter use, when the deep snows cut them off for months from outside supplies.

I purchased some, but they proved very indifferent, extremely thick shells with little or nothing inside.

The ground to the west of the camp fell abruptly into a narrow nullah or valley.

Just before dark the shikári came and fetched me to look at a bear he had seen down in the *khud*.

October 19th.—Standing at the head of the little path which led down the *khud* side, he pointed to some trees below, but although I looked my hardest it was too dark to detect anything. I heard the bear or bears right enough, the sound of branches being broken down by some heavy animal was unmistakable.

So went off to bed happy with the knowledge that I had at last come within touch of them.

CAMP ARORA

October 20th.—My hopes were doomed to disappointment. A drive of the entire length of the small nullah by the camp proved unsuccessful.

CAMP ARORA

October 21st.—I saw one bear; but whilst stalking him he disappeared.

CAMP TILLERY (*Near a village called Kot*)

October 22nd.—Made an early start, and after hunting the jungle some time we spotted a bear in front of us.

Creeping cautiously forward we got within forty or fifty yards of him, and one shot from my .577 knocked him clean down from the low tree in which he was.

Stopping first to reload, I advanced, expecting to find him dead, failing which I was quite prepared in case he charged.

But he was gone—clean gone!—leaving only a most distinct blood track.

After a certain distance this also disappeared, and we never saw anything more of him.

In the afternoon I went out again. After covering a good distance, we came to an open space in the forest.

About seventy or eighty yards away were some rocks, and the shikári pointed out two bears moving among them, but the intervening ground was so covered with high grass that it was difficult to see them plainly.

Certainly it bothered me in my aim.

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The two bears proved to be a mother and small cub.

Had I known this sooner, of course I should not have fired.

As it was, unfortunately I missed the full-grown bear and shot the cub.

This so enraged the shikári that in skinning the beast he completely spoilt the skin.

October 23rd.—I was out morning and evening but saw nothing.

CAMP KOTA

October 24th.—Moved camp here in the morning, and in the afternoon went out after bear, this time with somewhat better success.

The habits of the black Himalayan bear,¹ I might here state, for the benefit of the uninitiated, are as follows :—

He does not keep to one particular spot, but roams about, of course within a certain limit, in search of whatever suitable food is going at that season of the year.

At the time of this shooting trip (the latter part of October) there was a species of wild medlar in season, also a kind of wild plum, both growing on bushes and trees from ten to thirty feet high.

¹ All bear mentioned in this account are the black Himalayan species (*Ursus Torquatus*).

They formed the favourite food of the bear, and the jungle I was in was full, not only of this fruit, but of bear, judging by the wholesale destruction of the trees in every direction.

A bear, when he has found a tree to his liking, climbs into it, and without stopping to get leave from the owner breaks down branch after branch until he has formed for himself a sort of platform (*mâchan*), or nest, on which he sits while he devours the fruit at his leisure.

The jungle was fairly thick, and for a long time we threaded our way in single file without seeing anything.

I had with me my own shikári, Lalu, and a local hunter.

In every direction were broken trees.

Sometimes I thought I heard a bear moving, but it was not till we had ascended some rising ground, and looked down on an opening in the front, that we saw two bears apparently searching for food on the ground.

They were very much on the alert, caught sight of us almost at once and made off.

Soon after I got a glimpse of another, but had no time to fire.

It was now getting late, and I had almost given up hope of success, when we sighted a bear in a tree about 100 yards off. Carefully stalking, I got within 40 yards, fired, and dropped him stone dead.

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He proved an exceptionally fine male—in fact, I heard the coolies afterwards talking amongst themselves, saying that they had been out with many sahibs, but had never seen such a fine *bhálú*.

The local hunter returned to camp for men to carry him down.

After walking through some more of the forest, I was just going off the hill when my shikári pointed to a bear in a tree close by, almost within shot.

Creeping a little closer I knelt down, but it was too dark to see my sights. However, I fired, and away went the bear none the worse.

Measurements of the dead bear as he lay:

Length down the back	. 6 ft.
Girth	4 ft. 6 in.
Length from tip of one fore- paw to the other	6 ft. 4 in.

CAMP KOTA

October 25th.—Spent the morning in skinning the bear and pegging out the skin.

Measurements

Length	7 ft. 4 in.
Breadth	5 ft. 5 in.
Measurement across the fore- paws	7 ft. 5½ in.

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Took a turn through the jungle in the afternoon, but saw nothing.

Passing the spot where I fired my last shot in the dusk of yesterday evening I found the bullet buried in the tree about two or three inches below the fork in which the bear was sitting !

CAMP KOTA

October 26th.—I was out in the early morning.

Had a shot at a bear, but could not aim at the body owing to the intercepting boughs, so fired at the neck and must have missed.

In the afternoon I was more fortunate. On returning to camp after a long tramp I saw a bear, and making a careful stalk through fairly open jungle I succeeded in killing it.

A fine female, length on the ground 5 ft. 9 in.

CAMP KOTA

October 27th.—Spent morning in camp.

Skin of the bear measured :

Length 6 ft. 9 in.

Breadth across the fore-paws 6ft. 8 in.

CAMP OLTAR

October 28th.—Was out the whole day after bear, but found no fresh marks, so decided to move camp to-morrow.

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CAMP SUNDERA

October 29th.—No game here.

CAMP KUNIGADH

October 30th.—In the afternoon, immediately after my arrival, the shikári came and dragged me out, much against my inclination, being somewhat tired after my long tramp.

Lalu, however, stated that his intention was merely to look round—and so we went up a small nullah close by.

The shikári had my ·577 and a small boy from the camp was carrying my ·500.

I was walking along a game path beside a dried-up water-course, which ran through this nullah, and talking to the shikári, when suddenly the small boy exclaimed: “Bhálú, sahib! Bhálú!” (“Bear! Bear!”)

I looked, and there, leisurely walking down the water-course towards me, and not more than 25 yards off, was a fine black bear.

Instantly Lalu handed me my heavy rifle and I fired straight at the white horseshoe on its breast.

It was a few seconds before the smoke of the black powder I was using cleared away.

I expected to see the beast lying dead, but deuce a bit! He was gone.

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And so was Lalu—the latter was “legging” up the glen as hard as he could go.

Following as quickly as possible, I saw blood tracks all along the path, and found the shikári standing listening.

He pointed to a bamboo brake close by, saying :
“Hark, he is dying.”

I heard the stertorous breathing of the wounded beast, and wanted to go after him, but the shikári held me back, telling me that he would be dead in a few minutes.

While we were waiting another bear came down the water-course.

I fired, wounding him badly, and following, finished him about 150 yards higher up the nullah.

It was a male.

We left him there and returned to the wounded bear, which in the meantime had shifted his position considerably. We still heard him breathing heavily.

It was now getting dark—I was tired of waiting—so I told Lalu that I intended going in after the beast, he could come or not as he liked.

Of course, he followed me—with all his faults he was staunch and thoroughly reliable.

We first worked our way a considerable distance straight up the hill-side, through the dense bamboo thicket (they were mountain bamboos, not the tall and larger bamboos of the plain), then we

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turned and *came down* on to the spot where the wounded bear was last heard.

But there was no sign of him.

He had absolutely disappeared.

CAMP KUNIGADH

October 31st.—Spent most of the day in fruitless search for the wounded bear.

The male shot yesterday measured 5 ft. 5½ in.

CAMP KUNIGADH

November 1st.—The skin mentioned above when pegged out measured :

Length . . . 6 ft. 5 in.

Between fore-paws . 6 ft. 9½ in.

Lalu spent the morning searching for the wounded bear of the 30th, but without success.

In the afternoon I took all available camp coolies to beat the jungle.

Proceeding up the nullah we came on a bear, which got away before I could fire.

Soon after the beaters started another.

I caught sight of it in the dry water-course, and knocked it over with two shots from my .577.

It was a small male bear :

Length . . . 5 ft.

CAMP KUNIGADH

November 2nd.—Yesterday's skin pegged out measured :

Length 6 ft. 2 in.

Between fore-paws . . . 6 ft. 1½ in.

Spent part of the day beating the jungle with coolies, but no result. So I gave up and went with the shikári and gun-bearer to the "bear nullah."

This we hunted carefully, and had arrived very nearly at the head of the valley when we sighted a bear feeding in a high tree.

One shot from my heavy rifle knocked it down, but in falling the beast caught on to a bough and so scrambled down.

Just then I fired a second shot and again hit.

No sooner had the bear reached the ground than it came straight for us.

I was just stepping over a fallen tree trunk, and was reaching out my hand for the '500, when there was a "bang" in my ears.

Starting round, I found that the shikári had fired my rifle.

The bear was lying nearly dead within six paces of me.

Lalu said he thought it best to fire, as there was not a second to lose.

Lucky that he did !

He also said that the bear—a female, measuring

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5 feet—is the same I saw yesterday, but at which I did not fire.

CAMP KUNIGADH

November 3rd.—Most of the day was occupied in attending to my skins.

A bearskin requires great attention, as there is such a quantity of fat, which has to be removed.

After pegging out the skin, I first rubbed it over with wood ashes.

Then I rubbed in, as hard as I could, Rowland Ward's Taxidermine No. 2, a powder which causes the fat to come off in rolls.

Also in order to dry the skin thoroughly, fix the long hairs firmly, and prevent them drawing out, a certain amount of powdered alum should be used.

The ears, nostrils and pads of the feet I always treat with Taxidermine No. 1. This is a paste.

In the afternoon we had a beat for pheasants. Yesterday's skin pegged out :

Length . . . 6 ft. 3 in.

Across the fore-paws 6 ft. 0½ in.

Before leaving this camp we had a final and unsuccessful search for the lost bear of the 30th October, and I may here state that no day had passed without some such search being made.

Every inch of the ground where the blood tracks still showed had been examined.

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The two places where he lay, and where we had heard him breathing, were marked by great pools of blood.

I merely mention this to show the extraordinary vitality of the black Himalayan bear. Of course the poor brute must soon have died.

Probably he crawled into some cave.

He was a fine beast, and I was vexed at losing a good skin, and still more vexed that the poor brute should have got away and suffered unnecessary torture. That he could have escaped with such a wound from a heavy .577 Express, burning six drachms of powder, and with a solid bullet, was most extraordinary.

With the same rifle I have knocked over a rhino with one shot.

CAMP POROHLA

November 4th—A native with a gun came and asked me to give him some powder. He stated that he belonged to Dokri village.

Note.—This entry in my diary is to show that the hillmen do a little shikáring on their own account, in fact I have several times heard from my camp the sound of a shot at midnight.

MUNDALI

November 5th.

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CHAKRATA

November 6th.—When passing along the forest road between Mundali and the Deoban we started a musk deer, about forty yards off.

Unfortunately I only had my shot-gun with me.

Lalu wanted me to fire, but I declined. At that distance it would have been useless, besides which I only had small shot.

That was the last chance so far of getting one for my collection.

At the Deoban I met some of our sergeants having a beat for pheasants.

After stopping to hear the news and have a talk, I pushed on into the station—glad to get back to civilisation.

BAG

6 bear (including cub).

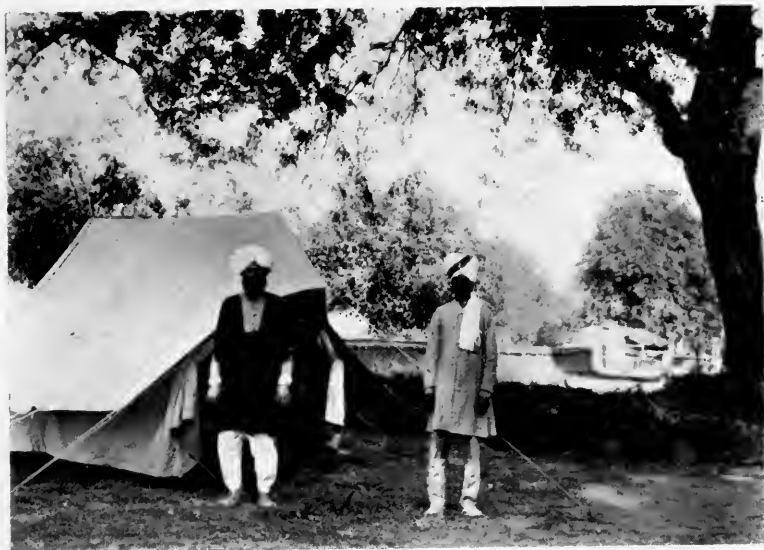
3 goral

3 moonâl pheasants

1 hen tragopan

1 chukar

1 pine-marten.



MY TENT IN THE GARDEN OF THE WHEELER CLUB, MEERUT,
WITH MY "BEARER" AND COOK



CAMP AND FOLLOWERS CROSSING THE GANGES

VII

THE DUN AND CENTRAL PROVINCES

1902-1903

THE end of the year 1902 found me on board ship bound for India.

The following conversation between a lady and her small daughter, evidently concerning myself, and overheard by myself, will explain the situation.

“Mother, what regiment does he belong to?”

“He does not belong to any regiment now, my dear; he has retired from the service.”

“But, mother, why is he going to India?”

“Just for pleasure, I suppose.”

“Oh, mother, then he is just an ordinary globe-trotter!”

That was my present position, but it was the first occasion on which it had been so forcibly brought home to me.

Rangoon was my first stop, but my visit was brought to an abrupt close by a sharp bout of fever, which, however, left me after a day at sea.

I landed at Calcutta.

Thence trained to Meerut, where I put up in my former quarters at the Wheler Club.

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A few old friends were still there. I was, therefore, not quite a stranger in the land.

The Durbar ceremonies were not due for some weeks, so to fill up the time I set off on a shooting trip into the Dun—the forest-covered district which lies at the foot of the southern slopes of the Himalayas, one of the most lovely spots in India.

I had also leave to shoot in the Gurwhal country.

My starting-point was Hardwar, a sacred town of Northern India, in many respects like Benares, but not nearly so large, and lacking in fine buildings.

Here can be seen natives by the thousand, bathing in the sacred waters of the Ganges.

Near by is a spot railed off where the sacred mahseer are fed.¹

I crossed the river about ten miles higher up. (See photograph.)

The boats are large roomy ferries, but even so, we had a tight fit to crowd in.

I was searching for a good camping ground, when a young Forest Officer very kindly offered me accommodation in his house—the Chilwa Bungalow—belonging to the Forest Department.

Twenty years previous to the date of which I am writing it was, I believe, quite an ordinary sight to see wild elephants from the upper windows of this house, and even when I was there a few

¹ A large fish of the carp species.



BATHING PLACE, HARDWAR



RAJAH'S REST BUNGALOW, HARDWAR

still remained. I heard them once close to me in the jungle. They are, of course, strictly preserved.

Sport was poor.

The Forest Officer most generously allowed me the use of his one elephant on alternate days. Without an elephant, shooting would have been impossible in that jungle, as the grass, which was enormously high, reached in places to the top of the elephant's back.

We always started at the first glint of dawn.

There was at this season a heavy dew, trees and grass were soaking wet; without a waterproof a thorough drenching was inevitable.

One morning, whilst our steady old elephant was pushing his way through dripping foliage, we suddenly came on to an opening in the forest—a long glade with short grass.

The mahout stopped the elephant abruptly and pointed.

There in front, staring at us, stood a noble sambar stag.

Raising my rifle (a .500 Express) I fired.

The sambar turned and disappeared behind some bushes. They told me I had missed, but on directing the mahout to move on, we found the beast stone dead.

Another morning I shot a small cheetal (spotted deer), and that was the extent of my sport on this expedition.

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With much regret I parted from my hospitable young Forest Officer. He promised me good sport if I would join him again in the jungle the following winter.¹

Next followed the Durbar of 1902-1903, a succession of dazzling ceremonies, which, although they will for ever live in my memory, are far beyond the power of my feeble pen to describe.

The State Entry, the Durbar, the Investiture, and the State Ball—all have been pictured on paper by the pens of fluent writers, or displayed on many a cinematograph screen.

Soon after the conclusion of the Durbar my preparations for another shikar trip were completed, and I left *via* Agra for the Central Provinces.²

First I visited Chanda state, but ill-luck followed me. I found plenty of game tracks, all old. The want of rain had driven the beasts elsewhere. To make matters worse, all my

¹This visit never took place. Some six months afterwards, when in England, I was shocked to receive a letter from the father of this young officer, informing me of the sudden death of his son from cholera.

²My battery on this occasion consisted of the following :—

A new .450 cordite rifle.

A .500 Express.

A double 12-bore hammerless shot-gun.

All by Holland & Holland.

Also lent me for this winter shoot: a double 8-bore rifle, by Jeffries, burning 10 drachms of powder.

This rifle was the property of my old friend, B. C., and had been in our Somaliland expedition.



HEAD OF THE SAMBUR BROUGHT IN ON ELEPHANT



HEAD OF THE SAMBUR, PLACED ON SHAFT OF CART
TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

TABLE

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servants, with the exception of my two shikáris and my bearer, fell ill, and I was compelled to turn back to the nearest railway station, Warora.

Here there was some delay whilst I obtained a fresh cook, etc.

I moved to Raipor, and thence marched due south into Bindra-Nawagarh, a noted district for buffalo and bison, but bad luck still pursued me.

I fell ill when close to the best place, and when recovered hunted through the jungle by day and sat up by night, but all to no purpose.

One day I certainly *did* see a buffalo.

They brought me on to it without the slightest warning—the village shikári was twenty yards away with my double 8-bore rifle, my own man about ten yards off with my .450 cordite.

The buffalo was standing deep in some rushes ; with only a stick in my hand, we stood for a few seconds facing one another.

A hasty call for my rifle, alas ! was enough : the beast turned and bolted before a shot could be fired.

So at last I regretfully decided to end this most unfortunate expedition, and set out on my return journey.

One day I was telling my shikári that when settling day arrived there would be little else than his bare wage to come to him, no tips or

extra bucksheesh for heads of game, my bag being *nil*.

Perhaps the thought flashed through his mind that he must make one desperate effort to retrieve our luck.

I know not.

But this is what he replied :

“ If the presence would deign to turn aside his footsteps a short distance, to a village near by, I will endeavour to show his honour an immense tiger that lives there. He is so large ” (indicating a beast about the size of a small polo pony).

Depressed by my bad luck, I was absolutely indifferent as to where we went, but thought it best to humour the man, and so we moved camp to the village of Deona.

My own and the village shikári at once set to work.

My man knew exactly the position of the rocks which contained the tiger's *jagah*.¹

So they set to work to track him.

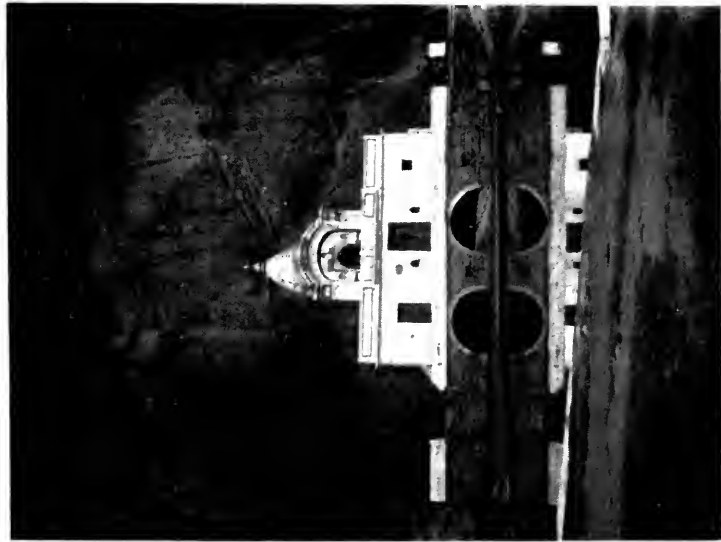
On the second morning after my arrival it was reported to me that fresh “ pugs ”² of the tiger had been found leading to his lair.

Beaters—about 150—were assembled, and we started.

The spot chosen for me was a tree overlooking a dry nullah.

¹ Tiger's den or spot.

² Marks of the tiger's feet.



SMALL TEMPLE UNDER THE ROCKS, HARDWAR



STREAM IN GURWAH RUNNING INTO THE GANGES



In this tree my *mâchan*¹ had been fixed about 20 feet from the ground.

This nullah some distance higher up passed in front of the tiger's rock.

Since arriving at this camp I had been given a complete history of the beast. He was quite a celebrated character, and had been the pest of the village for about four years. Numbers of cattle had fallen victims to his epicurean taste, but as yet no villager had been killed.

He had the cunning of a fox. Usually when a tiger kills a bullock he returns again, and sometimes again, to the kill, and that is where the shikâri sahib comes in and gets his chance.

But this beast went one better. His mode of procedure was to eat as much as he could at a sitting, and then move off about fourteen miles to another jungle, there to wait till the local interest in his movements had subsided.

When a beat was organised he invariably charged the line of advancing beaters and broke his way through.

This was another of his tricks.

In this wide extent of jungle to drive a tiger past one single rifle, even with the help of 150 beaters and "stops," was no easy undertaking.

The reader will, therefore, realise that our shikâri had no light task, especially taking into account the exceptional cunning of the beast.

¹ A seat.

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In order to guard against his breaking through the beaters—a trick which he had previously successfully played on him—our shikári formed a double line.

This, as the sequel will show, was most fortunate.

The men having been formed, and “stops” posted, the beat commenced.

The object, of course, was to drive the tiger down the dry nullah past my tree.

A tiger beat, as a rule, commences a long distance off—a long distance out of hearing of the guns.

There is an old saying that when first you hear the sound of tom-toms, horns, and other diabolical native sound-producers—then is the time to look out for “Stripes.”

It did not apply on this occasion.

I had no belief that the tiger really *was* in the jungle, and was indifferently listening to the noise of the beaters, when it suddenly ceased.

Immediately there followed in quick succession two ugly roars. . . . And then the shrieks of a beater.

A few moments’ pause and the din of the tom-toms again commenced with redoubled force.

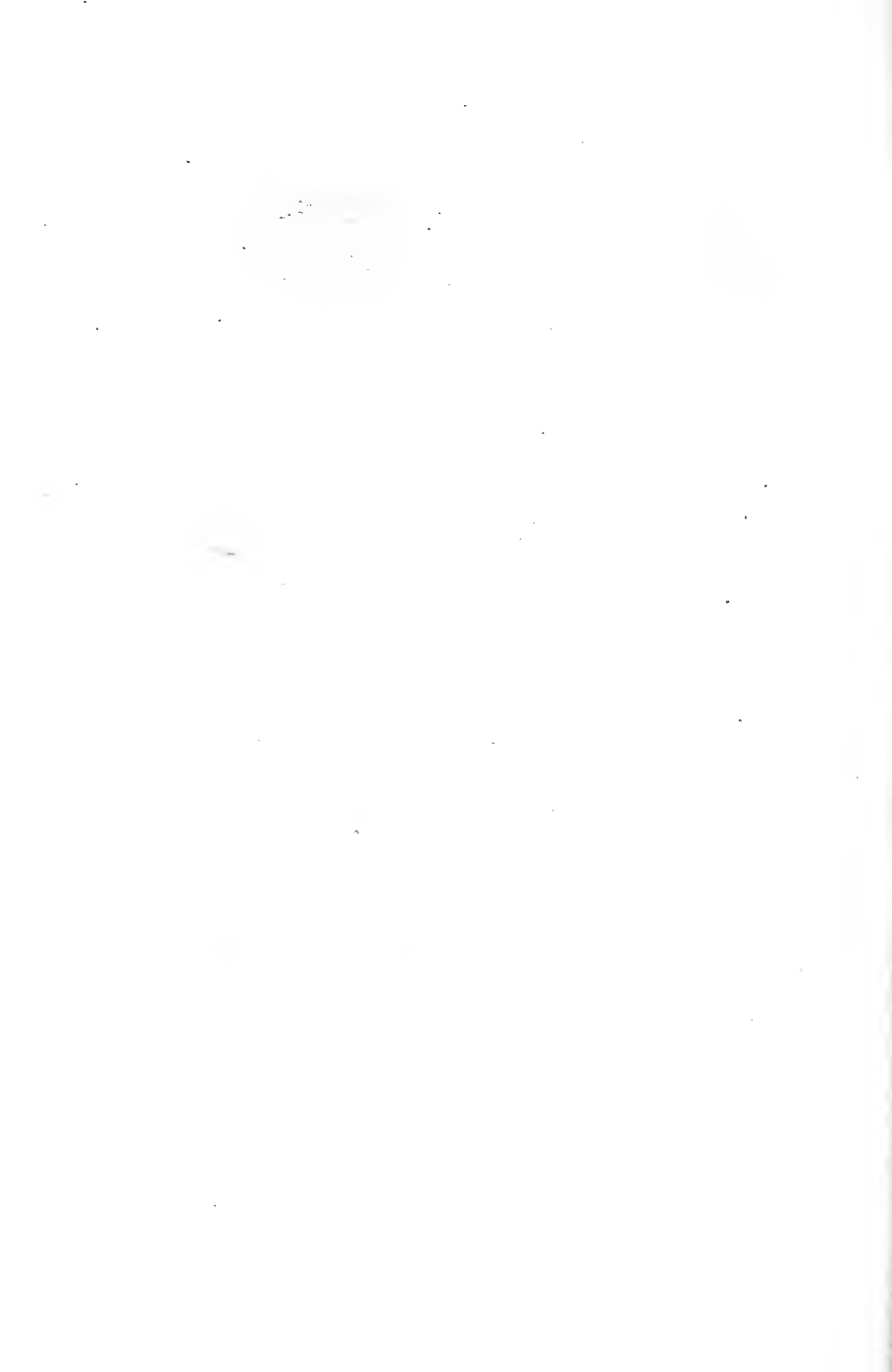
From past experience I was convinced that a beater had been badly mauled—perhaps killed.

Moments passed. They seemed ages.

Then I caught sight of the tiger, trotting slowly down the dry nullah in my direction.



DEAD TIGER AS IT FELL ON THE ROCKS



When two hundred yards distant he stopped and turned up the bank on my side. At the top he halted, and here he seemed to take a good look at the surrounding forest. There being no undergrowth, he had an uninterrupted view on all sides.

I was terribly excited and nearly risked a long shot at that distance.

However, much to my relief, he turned and once more descended into the nullah—continuing in my direction.

Now, strange to say, my excitement subsided, and I became quite cool.

The nullah below was filled with bush and bramble, but there were two small open spaces which I had previously marked; I counted on getting two shots as he passed these.

The first he crossed close under the bank out of sight, but at the second opening I could see the top of his back, and fired.

The shot struck and partly crippled him.

He crawled out on to the open nullah and I again fired, knocking him over.

He seemed about done for, and I was quietly reloading when he suddenly pulled himself together and started forward.

For a moment I thought he was gone, but a third shot dropped him amongst the rocks behind which he was disappearing.

I sat for a long time in a state of uncertainty as to the result of my last shot.

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Was the beast dead, or badly wounded, or had he succeeded in getting away ?

I was roused by the sound of voices from the opposite side of the nullah, and saw the village shikári accompanied by my "bearer," the latter, I may incidentally remark, had volunteered to come out for the day's shooting; this was the second occasion, the first being that on which I had shot the big sambur in the Gurwhal country. So he had again brought me luck !

I shouted to them to be careful as there was a tiger badly wounded amongst the rocks. Soon after, some of the beaters arrived and put up my ladder. I descended and walked to the edge of the nullah, which was at this point covered with thick bushes. Standing above the spot where I had last seen the tiger, I gave the information to the shikári, who pluckily descended into the nullah and made a cautious inspection, finally calling to me that the tiger was dead.

Thereupon I climbed down with my camera and photographed the dead beast with my "bearer."

Tiger and beaters were photographed after the former had been carried on to a flat slab of rock.

I now had time to inquire as to what had happened during the beat, and this is the story I elicited.

As the first line of the beaters approached the *jagah* the tiger promptly charged.



BODY OF TIGER AND BEATERS



BODY OF TIGER BROUGHT INTO CAMP

Two men were in front of him : one bolted with the remainder, but the other, a young man, foolishly stood his ground.

The tiger sprang at him, knocked him down, and bit him badly in the back.

Then he left him and bounded on, only to be confronted by the second line of beaters.

This turned him, and he came my way, with the result above related.

A stretcher was formed and on it the wounded man was conveyed to camp.

During the time that he was under my care I attended to his hurts myself.

Although severe, they did not appear very dangerous. To counteract the poisonous effect of the bites, I constantly bathed them with a wash of permanganate of potash.

I may here state that we eventually carried him to the hospital at Raipor. There I left him, with ample compensation for his wounds, and money for his keep.

The doctor in charge assured me that there was every reason to hope for a good recovery.

To return to my story.

A small sapling was cut down and to this the tiger was slung. I divided the beaters into relief parties and so we carried him also to camp.

It is generally the custom after a successful tiger beat for the villagers to turn out and meet the shikár party—to dance and beat tom-toms

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in front of the dead tiger. At least that has been my former experience.

On this day nothing of the sort happened. We passed through the village in solemn silence, no shouts of joy or other signs of rejoicing.

It began to dawn on me that the villagers were not pleased. This soon became a certainty when I ascertained that the officials of a neighbouring cantonment were in the habit of camping occasionally near the village, in hopes of bagging this wily beast, which although death to their cattle became a source of income to the villagers.

This brought my jungle trip to a close.

I left for Bombay and soon after sailed for England.

NOTE

Whilst shooting in the Dun (pronounced Doon) I met a former shikári acquaintance.

He told me of a novel method he had lately adopted to improve the appearance of some of his trophies. I have found the plan so good that I venture to record it for the benefit of brother shikáris.

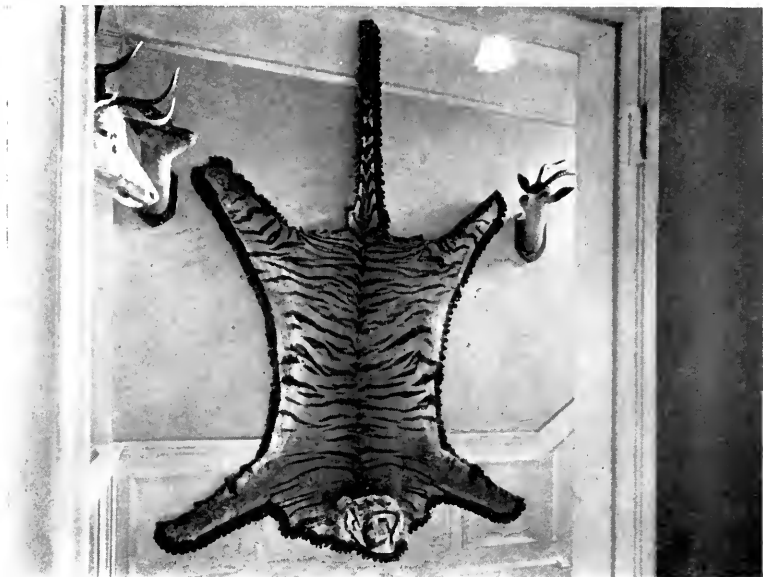
The method is simply that the actual tongue of a tiger, panther, or one of that species, is cut out and mounted on the head.

No artificial tongue can compare in appearance.

My friend had lately shot a very fine panther when this idea occurred to him. The panther's



THE SKIN PEGGED OUT



THE HEAD OF THE TIGER IS SET UP WITH THE ACTUAL TONGUE,
WHICH HAS BEEN PRESERVED

tongue was sent to England in spirits, and resulted in a magnificent trophy.

After successfully bagging the tiger as above related, I proceeded to put this plan into practice. The tongue having been cut out, I slit it down lengthways on the underneath side, and with a pen-knife gradually cut out every bit of meat from inside the skin. The hollow space I filled up with Rowland Ward's Taxidermine No. 1—a paste. When finished the tongue was put up in a tree close to my tent to dry, and safeguarded from attacks of kites and other birds.

Unfortunately it was to windward. I endured it for two days. Longer was impossible, so I had it down and packed in an empty biscuit tin.

This on arrival at Bombay was *soldered* down.

The head was eventually mounted by my taxidermist, Messrs Gerrard & Son; of College Place, Camden Town.

I do not think there are many mounted tiger heads in London, if any, which are set up with the actual tongue. The result is very satisfactory.

VIII

A BUSTARD DRIVE

A SOMEWHAT severe illness in 1905 caused my hurried departure from England, by doctor's orders, for a Mediterranean cruise to Port Said and Cairo.

On my return we broke the journey at Gibraltar, and this gave me the opportunity of a pleasing visit to old friends at Jerez, with the prospect of a little bustard shooting.

When quartered previously at Gibraltar I had made several shooting visits to the same place, but always without success.

There is a great element of luck attached to bustard shooting. Also, as I will explain later, it is absolutely necessary to follow implicitly the directions given by local experts.

The steppes of Russia and parts of Spain form the principal habitats of the European bustard—*Otis Tarda*.

In the latter country his chief haunts are found in the undulating sierras which extend on either bank of the Guadalquivir from Seville to the sea. These sierras are great rolling plains of grass and cultivation.

Sometimes not a tree or bush to be seen as far as the eye can reach.

I could fancy few more brilliant sights than these sierras in springtime, when the ground is carpeted with flowers of every hue.

In South Africa I had shot bustard—or pauw, as they are called—with a rifle, stalking them on foot, accompanied by a mounted man. We circled round the bird, gradually drawing nearer.

The pauw generally allows a rider to approach fairly close.

The stalker keeps under cover of the horse, and when sufficiently close drops on the knee and takes his shot.

Amongst the numerous bustard family of South Africa may be mentioned :

The Great Bush Pauw (the South African Kori Bustard, *E. Kori*—Ghaum Pauw of the Boers). An enormous bird, which is found up country, and I believe is not met with south of the Transvaal.

I can call to mind seeing a specimen of this bird. It was shot by Major Studdy, 32nd Regiment, and weighed, as far as my memory serves me, about 50 lb.

The Stanley and Ludwig Pauw.¹ They are about the commonest bustard met with on the veldt.

Also various varieties of the *Knorhaan*, a bird

¹ These run up to 25 lb. in weight.

about the size of the guinea-fowl, and generally found in long rank grass.

The plumage of the European bustard is light yellowish brown, that of the South African ordinary veldt pauw is dark brown.

In Spain, bustards are generally driven over the guns, at least, that was my experience.

The beaters are men and boys, some mounted, some on foot.

It is tedious work, a beat sometimes takes more than an hour, as long distances and much ground have to be covered.

Where the gun is posted, there must he lie.

That is a golden rule in bustard driving.

If in the open, in a ploughed field for instance, he must lie flat down and not move.

A bustard has the eye of a hawk, and will "spot" you hundreds of yards off.

I have found all this out from bitter experience.

Some years previously, as before stated, when quartered at Gibraltar, I had made three unsuccessful expeditions.

At first, when posted, I even sat up tailor fashion, and wondered why no birds came near me. On mentioning this to a Jerez friend he told me that I would never get a shot in that manner. "You must," he said, "lie flat down and not move. When the birds are nearly over your head, jump up and take your shot."

Excellent advice! It reads so simple, but in



EUROPEAN BUSTARD
(OTIS TARDA)

practice, after lying for an hour on your face in one position, it is not so easy to jump "smartly up" and take your shot.

So when chance again threw in my way the prospect of another bustard drive I determined to follow implicitly the expert advice of my friends.

Arriving at Jerez on a Thursday night I found that the next day would be occupied, first by the birthday festivities of the head of the house, my host; secondly by a bull-fight.

The birthday lunch, at which I met nearly all the English society of Jerez, was celebrated with great rejoicing. The remainder of the afternoon was spent at the bull-fight.

The love for bull-fighting was not born in me. I consider it an acquired taste.

In the evening I informed my host that it would be necessary for me to leave on the Monday following, in order to catch my homeward-bound P. & O. steamer.

He expressed his regret at my proposed early departure, and at once remarked that the next day, Saturday, was the only one available for a day's shooting.

So it was arranged.

He also informed me that since my last visit to Jerez a "close time" had been introduced.

It was the "close time" then.

"But," he added, "we want to guard the hens

when nesting. There are any number of cock birds and one can easily be spared. I suppose you only want one."

The party was to consist of two other guns besides myself.

In the early morning we started, mounted on strong little Andalusian ponies, for a ride of about six to eight miles to the shooting ground.

The party was under the guidance of old Benitez, a splendid old Spaniard, who amongst other functions filled that of head keeper to my host.

With his intimate knowledge of the habits and flight of bustards, few men could manage a bustard drive better. The way in which he eventually succeeded with so few beaters in sending the bustards over our heads showed marvellous skill.

The season was exceptionally dry. The young corn, which should have been a foot or more high, was half burnt up, the ground, full of great cracks, presented a parched and bare appearance.

The result was, there was little or no cover for the bustards.

This of course added immensely to the difficulty of driving them.

More than once we saw birds with our field-glasses, at long distances, standing in the sparsely covered cornfields.

There were two drives before lunch, both

unsuccessful, the beaters failing to send the birds anywhere near us.

After lunch we again set off over the plain in single file at a slow pace, searching the ground on either side.

At last Benitez called a halt and, pointing to some rising ground a mile to our front, said that he had seen some bustards on the side of the hill.

Taking us a long detour, he led us round to the back of the hill, or rising ground.

In the middle of a large field of young corn he posted us in line about 100 yards apart, and the same distance from the crest of the rising ground, on the other side of which the bustard had been marked down.

Of course we had to lie flat; this time I was determined to carry out the instructions given, though I had long since given up all hope of ever shooting one of these birds.

Old Benitez had, in order not to disturb the game, to ride back a considerable round before rejoining his beaters.

This took a long time.

I must have been lying on the ground for the best part of an hour when I suddenly looked up, and there, almost within shot, were five or six large birds coming straight for me, apparently merely flopping along though in reality their flight is very fast.

I was on my feet in an instant. How I managed it, goodness only knows !

At first I swung on one of the birds, but as he was somewhat far, I left that one for the gun on my left.

Another fine bird was flying nearly over my head. I fired, and down he came with a great thud into the young green corn.

Something caught my eye on the right. I turned and fired at another smaller bird flying away from me ; down came that one also.

Two cartridges and a right and left. Not so bad !

On going to pick up my first bird I found he was a noble fellow. (Weighed the next day 26 lb.)

He had a splendid ruffle, and was a good specimen of a cock European bustard.

Then I went in search of the second bird, and found it.

But what a surprise !

This one was quite small compared with the other. (The weight was 9 lb.) It had no ruffle, and was in many ways different.

The gun on my left was a naturalist and had some knowledge of ornithology. So to him I went, taking the two birds with me.

He too had been successful in getting a bustard.

"I do believe I have shot a hen !" I exclaimed, showing him the smaller bird.



TWO VIEWS OF MY TROPHY ROOM



He examined it, and agreed with me, but at the same time stated that this was his first experience of European bustard.

The third man was unable to help me in the matter.

After a long wait Benitez appeared, and at the first sight of my bird exclaimed: "Ah! Senorita!"

Imagine my feelings. I had shot a hen!

Previous to starting, I asked my host to tell me how to distinguish the hen from the male bird, and he replied that I need not trouble about that, as I was not likely to see any hens in the drive, they would all be on their nests.

However, much to my relief, Benitez, after carefully examining the hen, pronounced it to be a barren bird, consequently she had no nest and was useless.

This accounted for her being with the cock birds at that time of the year.

After all, it was a slice of luck. I have the pair set up in one case together.

To the best of my recollection we had one more drive, but without success, and then set our faces homewards.

Needless to say, I was delighted with my day's sport.

After several unsuccessful expeditions, had I not at last attained the object of my quest?

Monday came, and I was obliged to bid a regretful farewell to my kind host and his family.

Surely never did sportsman receive a warmer welcome and greater hospitality than I did from my old Jerez friend.

APPENDIX

MANY works on big-game shooting contain an appendix giving a detailed description of rifles, etc., recommended. Also occasionally one sees recorded the wages of porters, hire of camels, mules and other transport.

I do not propose to follow this custom, for the reason that rifles are always changing. Also for the additional reason that some sportsmen prefer a heavy-bore rifle, others use nothing but small-bore weapons.

In some of my chapters the rifles used on my various expeditions are mentioned.

Wages and hire are always changing all the world over.

Now with regard to my outfit, the plan I always adopted, and which may prove useful to young sportsmen stationed with their regiments in various quarters of the globe, and in various climates, was as follows.

Get a small note-book, divide it into headings, several pages to each subject, and under the various headings mentioned below put down every article you find necessary. From the completed list you can always select articles of

clothing, etc., suitable to the climate in which you intend to shoot.

Camp equipment.

Tent furniture.

Kit and personal clothing.

Miscellaneous.

Ammunition.

Stores, etc.

For general information I will reproduce a copy of my own note-book.

Mosquito-nets should always be taken if these winged pests are likely to be met with. In one of the tiger shoots I have described my two companions would not take the trouble to bring mosquito-nets. Our first camp, Kotapally, was in a mango grove surrounded on nearly all sides by water.

After dark this place was alive with mosquitoes.

My two fellow-sportsmen as long as we stayed in that camp had sleepless nights, and became quite ill from want of rest, which put them off their shooting.

I always carry with me two sets of nets: one full-sized, which goes over the brass rods fitted to my camp bed; the other a sort of "make-shift," and used only when travelling fast with no time to put up the proper mosquito rods.

This temporary mosquito-net is constructed as follows :—

Get a stout piece of fencing wire. Bind it round into a ring or hoop 12 inches in diameter. Over this the net is stretched. To this circle the full hanging sides of the curtain are gathered and sewn, falling down about 5 feet. In the centre of the hoop on the top—vide sketch—a metal ring is stitched. Two long tapes are also sewn on to the roof of the tent over the head of the bed. The net is fastened through the ring to the above tapes.

It forms a wide bag, and is quite a good protection from mosquitoes, though somewhat stuffy.

I found it lately most useful on service in France.

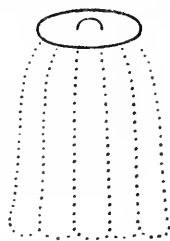
CAMP EQUIPMENT

- 1 officer's 80-lb. general service tent with bath-room, lined with dark blue. The outer covering to come down close to the ground.
- 1 servants' pal or tent.

TENT FURNITURE

- Folding bed with cork mattress.
- Folding washstand.
- X or paragon table.
- Folding chair, iron framework, carpet seat and back, with arms.
- 2 tent pole straps.

- 1 tent carpet.
 - Camp lamp for tent.
 - Camp lamp (hurricane) for outside.
 - 1 india-rubber bath.
 - 1 water-bottle.
 - 1 folding looking-glass.
 - 2 candlesticks.
 - 1 basin with cover (Chillumchee).
 - 2 yâk-dans.
 - 2 kiltas.
 - 1 bed valise (green Wilsden) or brown hold-all.
 - 4 thick red blankets
 - 2 resais (quilts)
 - 2 pillows
- } Bedding.
- 1 full-size mosquito-net over brass-rod framework which is fitted to camp bed.
 - 1 mosquito-net fitted over a ring of stout fencing wire about 12 inches diameter thus: on the top in the centre of the circle a metal ring must be sewn. Through the metal ring a tape with which to fasten the net to the roof of the tent; two tapes being sewn to the roof for the purpose. The net about 5 feet long.



KIT

- 1 suit thick Harris tweed, including knickerbocker breeches and trousers.

- 1 Norfolk jacket and waistcoat of dark grey flannel, with knickerbocker breeches and trousers, medium tweed.

Cardigan waistcoat.

- 1 thick khaki Norfolk jacket with thin cloth waistcoat and breeches of Zulu drill.

- 1 thin khaki Norfolk jacket and breeches.

Grey putties.

Flax leggings.

Harris tweed cape.

Ulster.

Brown waterproof.

- Sun hat, dark brown or khaki pith.



- 2 flannel suits (Thresher & Glenny).

- 2 pairs of shooting boots.

- 1 pair sambur-skin boots with india-rubber soles (Scafe patent).

- 1 pair tennis shoes for camp.

- 1 felt hat with broad brim.

- 1 deerstalker cap.

- 2 suits of thick underclothing.

- 2 suits of medium „

- 4 suits of summer „

- 4 suits of tropical „

- 4 silk and wool shirts (Thresher & Glenny)

- 2 thick flannel shirts.

- 4 pairs of shooting socks.

- 4 pairs of ordinary thin socks.

6 silk handkerchiefs.

1 sweater.

2 bath towels.

3 face towels.

1 pair of slippers.

Some old silk ties.

2 khummerbunds.

1 leather belt with pouch.

2 sleeping suits.

Brush and comb.

Soap and soap-dish }
Toothbrush with cover } In Chillumchee

Clothes brush.

1 pair of galoshes (to fit on the naked feet for
wear on board ship when the decks are
being washed down, and in camp).

1 pair of hunting spurs.

Some spare laces.

MISCELLANEOUS

Medicine Case—

Ammoniated Quinine.

Cockles Pills.

Bottle of quinine.

Medicine glass.

Formamint.

Chlorodyne.

Mentholated bronchial lozenges.

Hunting knife.

Steel chisel.

Wrench and clamp.

Wire-cutters.

Pliers (pinchers).

Screw-driver.

Some wire.

Lead labels.



Some balls of string, various thicknesses.

1 tin No. 1 Taxidermine }
1 tin No. 2 Taxidermine } Rowland Ward.

Alum }
Turpentine } Also mentioned in Stores List.

Tape measure.

Compass.

Bee's-wax.

Some tow.

1 gimlet.

Maps.

Rowland Ward's *Sportsman's Handbook*.

A small writing-case and portable inkstand.

Paper, envelopes, and stamps of the country.

A few common cobblers' knives for skinning, vide

Rowland Ward's *Handbook*.

AMMUNITION

For an 8-bore and other heavy rifles, 50 rounds should be sufficient.

For medium and small-bore rifles 100 per rifle,

unless only one small-bore is taken, then 200 rounds.

For Shot-gun—

No. 4 Shot.	100
No. 6 Shot.	200.
No. 8 Shot.	200.

STORES

(For 1 month for 1 person)

- 1 tin coffee (1 lb. tin).
 - 3 lb. loaf sugar.
 - 3 lb. white crystal sugar.
 - 6 tins preserved Swiss Milk (Milkmaid Brand).
 - Assorted soups (Crosse & Blackwell's) in half
tins—30 tins
 - 6 tablets A.N.C.S.
 - 1 tin of 10 consommé Maggies
 - 6 packets assorted
- } Soups.
- 2 tins Paysandu ox tongues, medium tins, $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb.
 - 6 tins small lunch tongues (sheep tongues).
 - 12 tins potted meats, assorted, *small tins*.
 - 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tin Colman's Mustard.
 - 1 tin ($2\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tin) salt.
 - 1 tin (2-oz.) white pepper.
 - 8 tins of sardines.
 - 4 tins of Norwegian sardines.
 - 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ -tins of Borwick Baking Powder.
 - 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ bottle AI Sauce.

- 6 1-lb. tins of jams, assorted.
- 2 1-lb tins of marmalade.
- 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ bottle olive oil.
- 2 pint bottles of vinegar.
- * 1 bottle celery salt.
- * 1 small bottle Nepaul pepper.
- 1 packet Sunlight soap.
- 8 tins of Oxford ($\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tins) sausages.
- 6 tins fresh herrings.
- 4 tins fresh herrings with shrimp sauce.
- 1 tin of apple chips (1-lb. tin).
- 1 tin (1-lb.) evaporated apricots.
- 1 tin (1-lb.) French plums.
- 1 tin (1-lb.) of Bath Oliver biscuits.
- * 4 tins (1-lb.) of water biscuits.
- 2 tins (3-lb. tins) American peaches, White Heath.
- 1 tin San José (3-lb. tin) peaches.
- 4 tins Brand's Essence (2-oz. tins).
- 1 lb. tin of pearl barley.
- 4 tins ($\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tins) Van Houten's Cocoa.
- 3 tins Scotch salmon.
- 4 tins bacon, streaky (1-lb. tins).
- 2 tins of plum pudding (1-lb. tins).
- 7 tins of mutton, roast (1-lb. tins).
- 1 lb. of chocolate (Menier).
- 1 tin of lard (1-lb. tin).
- * 1 doz. tins asparagus (Oyster Bay Brand) in small tins suitable for one person.
- 1 tin jugged hare.
- 1 tin brawn, Army and Navy (1-lb. tin).

- 1 tin spiced hunter's beef (1-lb. tin).
- 2 tins ox cheek and vegetables (1-lb. tin).
- 4 tins ($\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tins) of tea.

Vegetables in Tins—

- 2 tins of carrots (1-lb. tins).
- 2 tins haricot, vert.
- 1 tin petit pois.
- 2 tins English beef in 1-lb. tins.
- 2 tins of flour in 7-lb. tins.
- Potatoes locally.
- Rice locally.
- 4 bottles Lime Fruit Squash.
- 3 lb. Crosse & Blackwell's cheese in tins.
- 2 tins macaroni (1-lb. tins).
- 3 tins of American ham in 1-lb. tins.
- 1 tin of Irish stew (1-lb. tin).
- 1 tin of stewed kidney (1-lb. tin).
- 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tins of Vencatachellum's Curry Powder.
- 1 tin Paté's camp pie.
- 1 half-pint bottle of pickled onions in piccalilli.
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ gross of sparklets.
- 1 metal bottle.
- 1 box of washers and pins.
- 4 tins beef extract.
- 1 tin arrowroot ($\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tin).
- 1 tin cornflour (1-lb. tin).
- 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter in $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. tins.
- 1 tin oatmeal or Quaker Oats (in 1-lb. tin).
- 1 tin sago (1-lb. tin).

- 1 tin tapioca (1-lb. tin).
- 2 tablets carbolic soap.
- 2 bottles of saccharine tablets.
- 4 bottles Scotch whisky.
- 1 bottle (for sickness) brandy, No. 1 Exshaw.

- 1 bull's head tin-opener.
- 7 lb. (about) of powdered alum.
- 1 gallon tin of turpentine.
- 4 boxes of Arctic candles.
- 1 small bottle of Elliman's (the stronger kind, intended for a horse, is best).
- 1 bottle Eno's Fruit Salt.
- 1 tin (which should last three months) vaseline.
- Safety matches.
- Sand-paper.
- Ink pellets.

NOTE

Stores marked with an asterisk are extras. Some might be considered superfluous.

Most of the above stores could, in pre-war times, be obtained at the Army & Navy Co-operative Society, 105 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

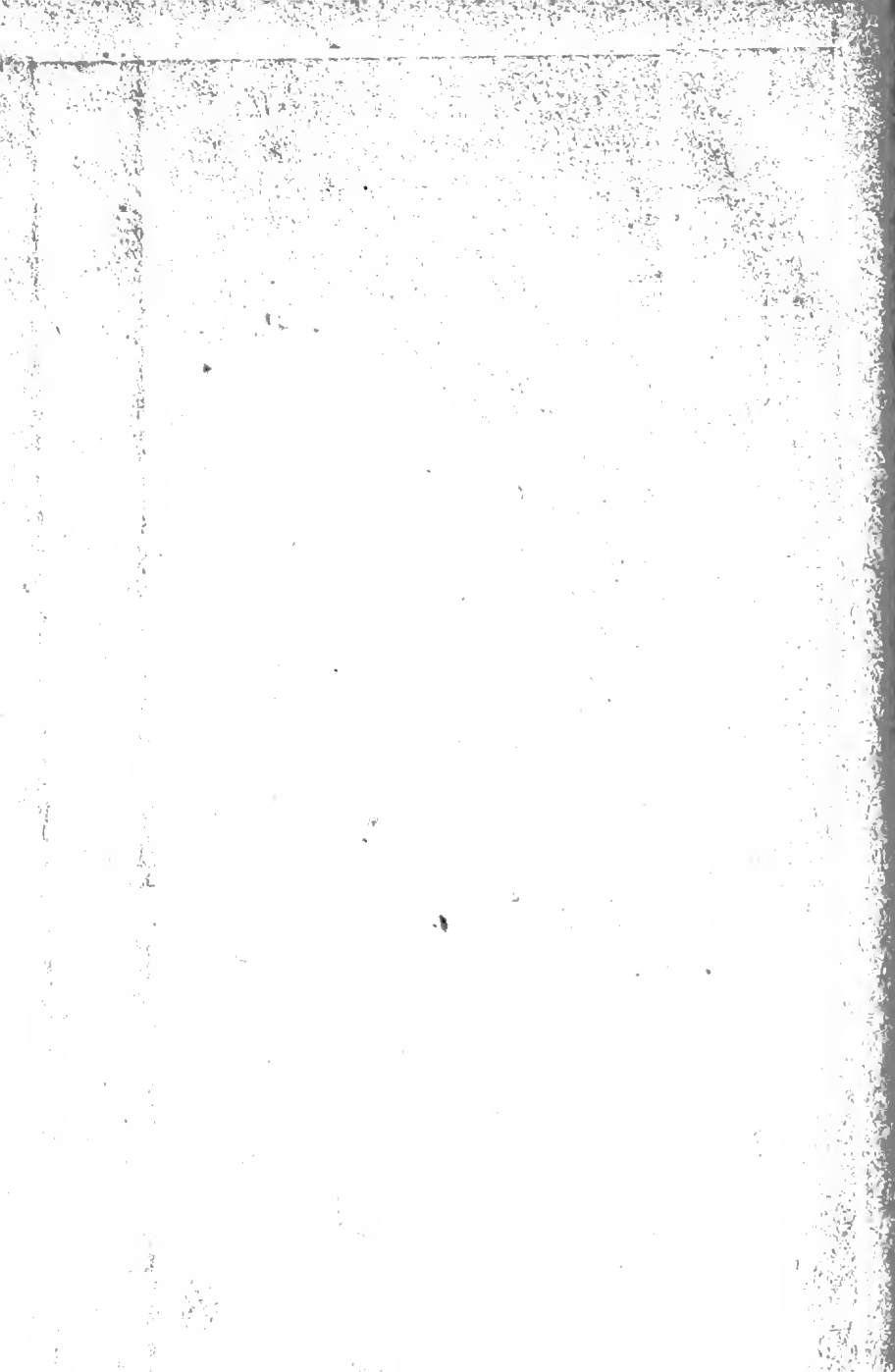
THE KORAIYO VALLEY, SOMALILAND

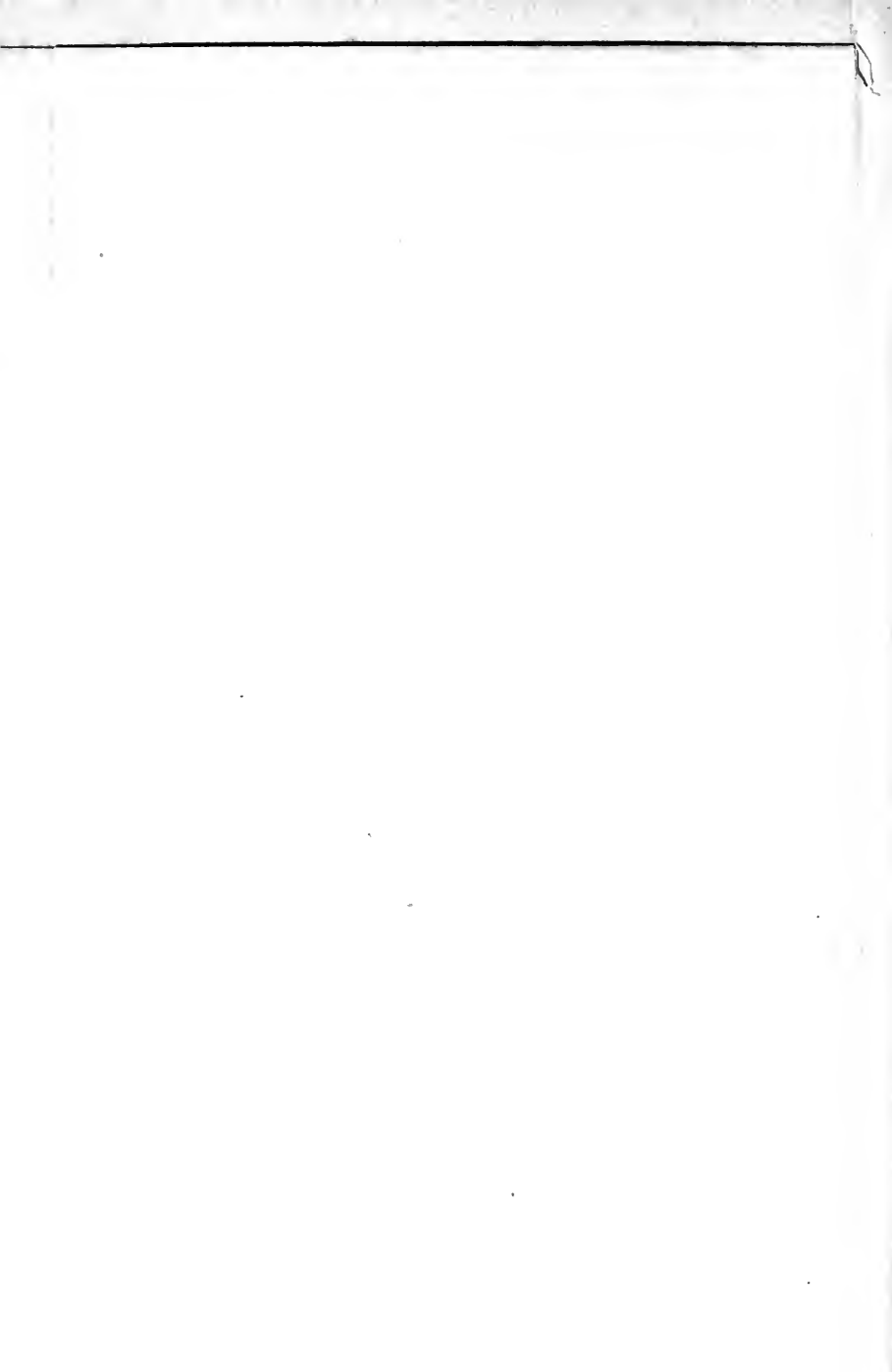
*Extract from The Geographical Journal,
November, 1895. See Map*

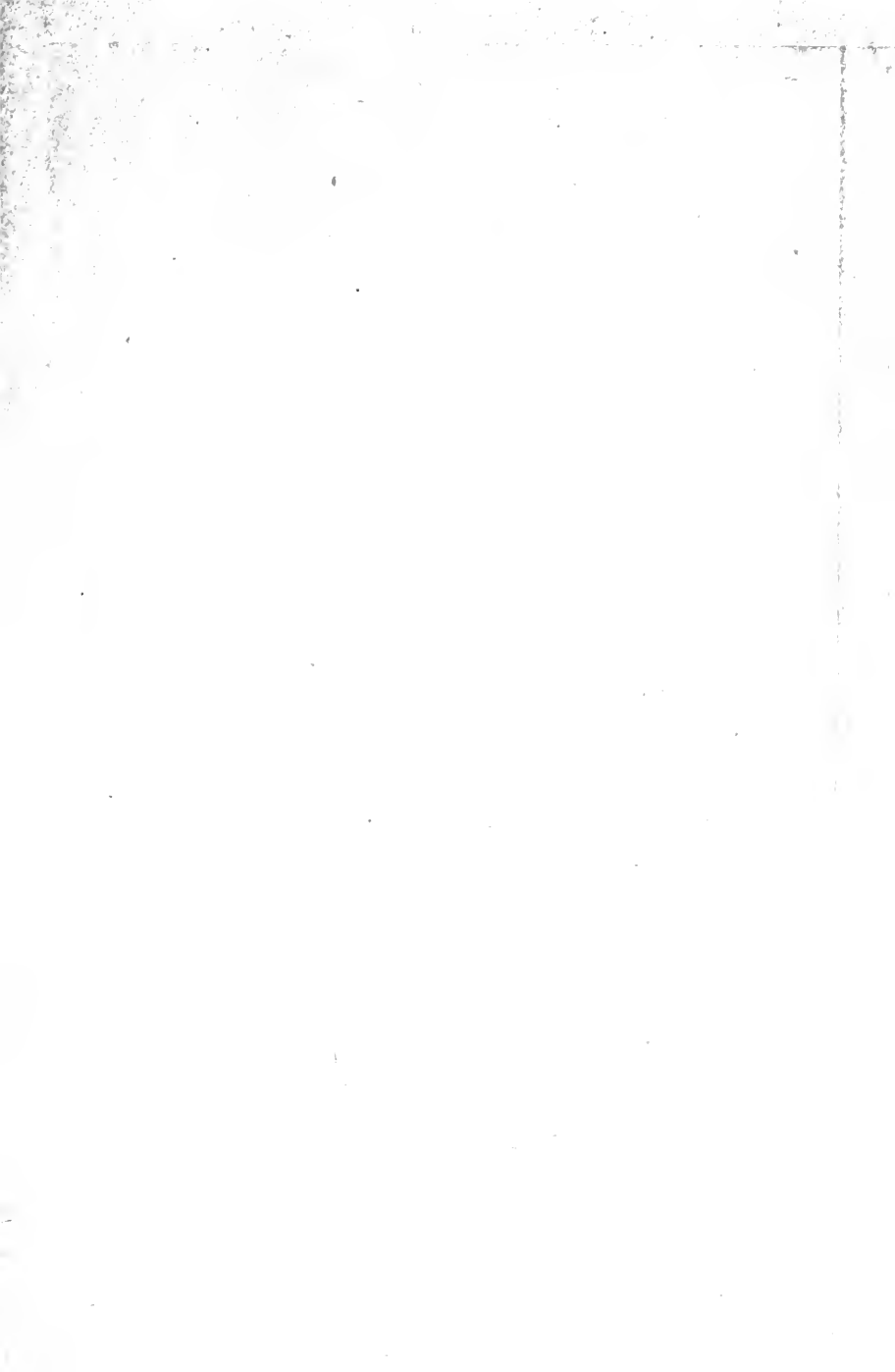
MAJOR H. G. MAINWARING, who made an expedition in Somaliland in 1894 in company with Mr B. B. Christie and Lieutenant R. Sparrow, has sent us a map of the routes surveyed by him, together with some notes on the Koraiyo Valley, the farthest point reached by the expedition. The routes led to a considerable extent (as far as 42° E. long.) through the part of the country traversed by Dr Donaldson Smith during the same year, but certain discrepancies are noticeable between the maps of the two travellers. The three streams supposed by Dr Smith to unite with the Tug Turfa by a single channel north of 7° N. lat. (cf. *Journal*, 1894, p. 529; 1895, p. 135) are shown by Major Mainwaring as continuing southward with independent courses southward of that parallel. The Koraiyo Valley, placed by Major Mainwaring north-west of the Tug Turfa or Turfo, would seem to be that of the Erer, visited lower down by Dr Smith, and the physical features of the neighbourhood agree fairly well in the two accounts. The mountains, 3000 to

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5000 feet high, marked on the American traveller's map bear the name Mouldatta on Major Mainwaring's, and are said to be visible about 30 miles. The valley itself is described by the latter as quite the Eden of Somaliland, being thickly wooded, and the tops of the smaller hills covered with fresh green grass. At the bottom of the valley were found a running stream, luxuriant tropical vegetation, brilliant-plumaged birds and bright flowers. It is unfortunately infested by a fly, apparently a species of tse-tsi, which proved fatal to the animals. Ten years ago the valley was thickly populated by a rich and war-like tribe (the Hawardens), but the great cattle epidemic raged here as in the rest of East Africa, and the tribe broke up and dispersed, leaving the neighbourhood completely deserted, only about thirty individuals being found living in a cave. The natives declared that no white man had previously visited the valley.









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